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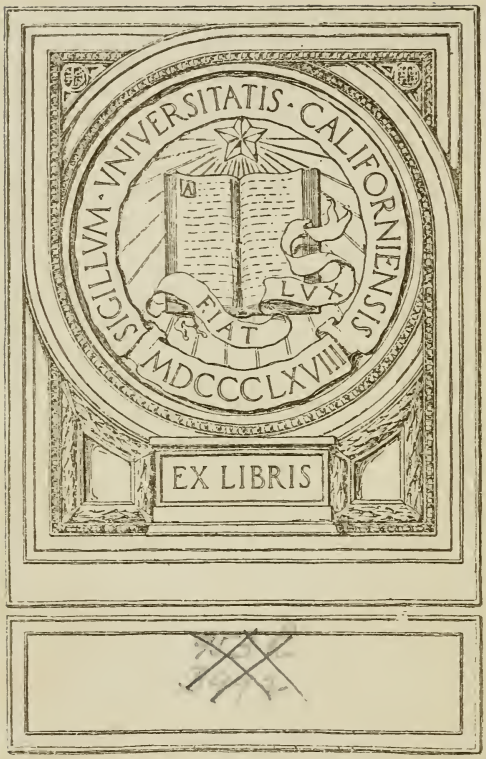
Byron Painted By His Compeers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BYRON

PAINTED BY HIS COMPEERS;

OR,

ALL ABOUT LORD BYRON,

From his Marriage to his Death,

AS GIVEN IN THE VARIOUS NEWSPAPERS OF HIS DAY,

SHEWING

WHEREIN THE AMERICAN NOVELIST GIVES A TRUTHFUL ACCOUNT, AND WHEREIN SHE DRAWS ON HER OWN MORBID IMAGINATION.

"Facts are stronger than Fiction."

LONDON:
SAMUEL PALMER, 20, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1869.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY JOHN B. DAY, "SAVOY STEAM PRESS,"
SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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PREFACE.

WHEN the great Louis desired his secretary to read to him, he asked his Majesty what he should read: "Should it be a Memoir or a History?" "No," said the Monarch, "for that is sure to be false." So if we want a truthful account of our great poet, let us not read the exciting pages of a sensational novelist, but turn to the genuine accounts given as they occurred in the papers of the day, and see what his contemporaries said of him, both while he was living and after his decease. The truest portrait of a man must be that which is photographed in his lifetime, and not that which is drawn after a dreamy recollection of some fifty years gone by.

UPPER HOLLOWAY,
October, 1869.

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BYRON

PAINTED BY HIS COMPEERS.

Character of Lord Byron.

The name of Byron should now, like that of Milton or Shakespeare, be only known in the history of literature and the records of immortality. The little jealousies and perishable interests that fretted themselves against his living fame, as they have done against that of the great men of all ages, have no longer any influence over the tribunal of opinion. The pure principles by which *mind* is estimated, must now try his claims to public admiration, and not the fears, the ignorance, or the passions of men.

In the history of human genius, its powers, and its weakness, there never was a man whose abilities and conduct excited more ardent attention, and afforded more of real and speculative topic for praise and defamation, than Lord Byron. He entered the world of poetry as Chatham did that of eloquence, scarcely heard of in the lists until he had obtained the first honours of the conflict. As the resentment of Walpole called forth from the young orator the first resistless flashes of an eloquence that burned with inextinguishable splendour to the last hour of his earthly glory, so did the repulse which was given to the boyish aspirings of the noble bard discover to himself, by the reaction it created, all the resources of his intellect, and place him at once on the splendid summit of poetic ambition. The excitement did not so much inflame his passions as exasperate his genius, and thenceforth, in ceasing to appear amiable, he became what men more admire, daring, vindictive, and successful.

By nature generous and confiding, he was, by the privilege of genius, sudden and impetuous. Minds of such fine formation look at human life either through the vivid glow of fancy, or the gloom of irritated sensibility. So Byron's early imagination made him hope too highly of the world, and his experience caused him to think too badly of it. The disappointments which his unsuspecting spirit endured from the companions of his pleasures, or the mercenary flatterers whom rank, and opulence, and fame attract, reduced his estimate of human nature, not only far below his own pre-conceived notions, but beneath its proper level. Born to ornament and grace society, he seemed, for a great part of his short life, to study only how he could most effectually desert it. To a man, however, of his creative invention, every wilderness would be peopled with the ideal beings with whom his thoughts could communicate ; and perhaps he was often supposed to be indulging in the morose seclusion of the misanthrope, when he was only enjoying the dreams of a high and splendid imagination.

Though gay and cheerful in his occasional intercourse with mankind, and full of sportive hilarity in the convivial hour, yet his generally reserved habits, and the peculiar tone of his poetry, gave him, in the popular eyes, a sort of mysterious and gloomy fame, of which he did not seem anxious to remove the impression. His fondness for the delineation of one character, of sullen, wayward, desperate purpose, animated by the most devoted love and the least placable revenge—terrible to his enemies—fascinating to his followers, and spreading around him the desolation of the passions, or dark influence of distempered sensibility—was taken as proof that he only pourtrayed from his own heart this the favourite hero of his poetry. But a presumption so founded is very fallacious. The opinion was, indeed, entertained by some of the first critics of the day, but it is not improbable they sacrificed philosophical accuracy to tragic effect. If there were any bard whose intellect had more of the divine emanation than another, it was John Milton, and yet he succeeded best in the awful description of Satanic Majesty. It is not difficult to discover in his *Paradise Lost*, that the celestial goodness and power had the affection of his morals ; but certainly the reckless and ambitious spirit of evil that desolated the world, and audaciously confronted the lightnings of its Creator, was the hero of his genius. Satan never looked to human thoughts so sublime before the imagination

of the great poet clothed the "Archangel ruined" in all his desperate glory. Yet there was nothing diabolical in the character of Milton; never was there a man who showed in a nobler union the imaginative faculty with the spirit of inflexible virtue, or who, "though fallen on evil days and evil tongues," burned with a more intense zeal for enlightened freedom, and the improvement of the world. But it is the prerogative of the first class of genius so to describe ideal existence as to make it appear part of its own moral identity.

Inferior minds can hardly conceive how a poet can embody thoughts into the counterfeit of some reality, of which he has had no experience. The man who advanced the spirit and language of poetry beyond the limits of his age, and who, in the foresight of his genius, anticipated a century of improvement, was the inventor of the incorrigible and malicious barbarism of Caliban. His intellect was enamoured of the invention, as we may see from the spirit and richness with which he pourtrayed it; but neither his morals nor his mind had any sympathy with the subject. Why, then, should it be thought fair to attempt to measure the moral qualities of Byron by a test which is evidently erroneous when applied to the characters of those great men, whom, in the originality and daring vigour of his inspiration, he most resembled?

That first attribute of the poetic mind-creative power, Byron eminently possessed. At his first appearance, every possible variety of poetic style and subject was supposed to be ascertained, if not exhausted, yet he created a new era. He was erratic, it is true, but he deviated from the beaten track to make rich discoveries; his eagle spirit, enamoured of the sun, rushed on a powerful wing into the Oriental world, and carried away the "barbaric pearls and gold," which the magic of his genius converted into ornaments worthy the immortal temple of the muse. He proved that the fictions of the East, though the offspring of the soil of voluptuous barbarism, can be wedded to higher qualities of mind than such as are required to describe the absurd mysteries and monsters—the wondrous unrealities and gorgeous scenery of Arabian enchantment.

In *The Giaour* he has adopted the circumstances, the scenery, and perhaps the plot, from the land of the demons and genii; but he has invested them with the sentiments which only the most gifted inspiration dictates. He has described the faithful, timid, but enduring affection of woman springing up in the

land of sensual barbarity, like the fair white lily, that lays forth its snowy lustre on the stagnant pool; and he has delineated the wild, headlong career of fierce masculine devotion, with as much of the energy of thought and charm of poetry as ever was lavished upon the passion and fortunes of successless love. He has shown also a perfect conception of what is fine and beautiful and grand in nature, by his picturing, with singular power, the luxuriant and terrific region, where the soft climate wafts balmy airs and the sweeping pestilence, and where the fire of the scorpion mingles with the freshness of the flowers. Above all has he given the workings of passion on the mind itself—the sufferings of the dispairing but tameless spirit—the revenge that survives the destruction of its enemy—the agony of a fidelity whose object is beyond the grave—the extinction of hope, and the collected torments of recollection, with a power of moral scrutiny and exposure, that if it ever was excelled, can own no superiority but in the author of *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*.

The rapid and careless spirit of Byron seldom indulged in prettyness of thought or nicety of expression. He was as bold in his language as he was daring and lofty in his conceptions. His thoughts shaped themselves into words, either with blameable negligence or enchanting felicity; but the latter was chiefly their characteristic. In most of the exquisite small poems, in which love is his subject, he is the poet of its sentiment rather than of its passion. His muse is not so ardent and amorous as tender and devoted. On great subjects, where he struck the chord of battle, or raised the song of freedom, he has an eloquence that seizes the reason, and carries all the heart along with it—clear, strong, and impetuous, it is full of power and grace, and music and fascination.

The *concetti* of the Italian school of poetry, as well as the frigid declamation of the French, his manly sense and strong imagination disdained. He sent bold thoughts in the voice of nature to the heart. The mechanical facility which refines upon poetic sentiment until it becomes cold and passionless—the elaborate assortment and nice adaptation of the pretty wares of a glittering fancy, which reduce the divine fame of poetry to the level of the jeweller's art, who sets his gems or his paste, as it may be, with the cold determination to dazzle, Byron never thought of. His poetry rose or sunk into grandeur

or weakness with the inequalities of his inspiration, as the ocean fluctuates under the breathing of the heavens.

He has been accused of a proneness to adopt the ideas of others. He could do so without impeachment of his originality. Whatever he borrowed he invested almost always with a peculiar charm, that made it his own. This was not plagiarism, but generous imitation; and he, like other great poets, has frequently been accused of the former without just ground, by those small critics, who cannot distinguish between poetic larceny and the accidental coincidences of genius.

He has certainly much that was unworthy of him—much that is below the quality of his mind, and the spirit of his ambition. He who contended for the prize of strength or swiftness in the Olympic games was tried only by the best efforts of his skill and power. So should genius be estimated only by its greatest works; for those which are below itself are not parts of its fame, but only the more earthly matter which would have sunk into oblivion but for the excellence of the diviner productions, which made them buoyant, and floated them into celebrity. Swift has not lost his reputation as a wit, by having written some things that were dull; and his having been addicted even to the senseless habit of punning Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, in which he attempted to rival the lyric grandeur of Dryden, would have lowered him to a level with some of the heroes of his own Dunciad, if that were made the standard of his fame, and the *Paradise Regained* would, on the same principle, have lost Milton his claim to epic supremacy.

Let Byron then be appreciated like others, by his best productions, and he will stand, in all that constitutes genuine poetry, among the first men of any age or nation, and among those of his own day superior and alone. The *Giaour*, the *Corsair*, *Childe Harold*, parts of his *Don Juan*, many of his smaller pieces, and even frequent passages in his least estimable works, are of the first stamp of immortal verse. The first and second, especially for intensity of thought, depth of moral delineation, descriptive vigour, and the union of the anatomy of the passions and the feelings with Homeric boldness of action. The *Childe Harold* is particularly interesting for the strains of a wandering and delicious minstrelsy, which twines with the most vivid descriptions of nature the charm of the most touching sentiments, and all the recollection with which

history consecrates her favourite scenes to the peculiar veneration of mankind.

It is objected that these poems were not written with any moral intention. They have, however, a strong moral tendency; they exhibit, in the most appalling manner, the desolating effects of unrestrained passion on the strongest minds, consuming virtue, withering up the very intellect, and creating a desert around the infatuated victim of his own wild indulgence. If there be no moral in such an exposure of human hardihood, crime, and self-infliction, we must deny all the instructive effects of example. Byron has not clothed the evil principle with the charm of success, but torturing passion, blighted hopes, and distempered mind perform that vengeance on guilt, which more vulgar moralists would visit with the hackneyed scourge of worldly adversity, or the rack of the executioner.

But independently of the stories themselves, there are passages in the course of those poems replete with the noblest thoughts that philosophy ever breathed under the dictation of the muse. There are not, in all the range of our poetry, any sentiments of more beauty, pathos, originality, and elevation, than those throughout *Childe Harold* and the *Giaour*, which are suggested by the scenery of Greece, and the mournful and grand associations with which it fills the civilized mind. With what a fervour of the heart's devotion does he not wake the lyre on this melancholy and enchanting subject? How touching his sorrows over the fallen land of arts and song! How manly and inspiring his call, to awake her from the long cold trance of debasement! How full of a deep interest in her future fate, and of the animation of her remembered glory! Passages like these elevate the soul, in the midst of those fictions, in which the fancy wooes enjoyment. They infuse the preservatives of virtue—heroic thoughts and generous emotions, and thus they display the superiority of truth and wisdom in the most attractive light, by the contrast of their splendour with the surrounding dark and awful scenery of moral ruin.

After mourning over the fallen pride—the broken lyre—the lost intelligence—the banished virtues of Greece, he lived to see her rise again from chains and dishonour, and shake off the dust of her humility on the trampled turban of her oppressor. He lived to see her vessels float again in triumph through

Salamis, and her warlike youth stem the torrent of the invader in the sacred straits of Thermopylæ. He lived to raise the song of battle for the cohorts of Greece, armed for vengeance and freedom, and to see chiefs conquer and fall, who were worthy of interment in the tomb of Leonidas. Had he survived to commemorate them on his lyre, his genius would have been both the incitement of the living and the fame of the dead; but Providence chose to take away this modern Tyrtæus from reviving Greece before her redemption was accomplished. His mission of virtue and glory had scarcely begun on the soil of Homer, Solon and Miltiades, when his earthly days were numbered, and immortality received him.

May the world forget his faults and Greece remember his example. Let her not droop over his urn, but carry his spirit to the conflict; let a just revenge appease his shade, her own liberation will be the best tribute to his memory. His genius will command admiration while the language of England survives to bear his fame above the silence of the grave. But should Greece prevail, there will his name have peculiar honours, and a sanctuary from all detraction. His memory will be identified with her second glory—his inspired exhortations to freedom will be remembered as the voice of prophetic virtue. It will be recollected that he was the last to lament over her fallen and degraded state when there was no ray of hope upon it, the first to hail her regeneration. May his dying words still lead on the cause to which his splendid powers were consecrated, although his charmed mantle has fallen on no successor.—*Morning Chronicle, July 30th*, 1824.

Lord Byron.

Lord Byron's address was the most affable and courteous perhaps ever seen; his manners, when in a good humour, and desirous of being well with his guest, were winning—fascinating in the extreme, and though bland, still spirited, and with an air of frankness and generosity—qualities in which he certainly was not deficient. He was *open* to a fault—a characteristic probably the result of his fearlessness and independence of the world; but so *open* was he, that his friends were obliged to live

upon their guard with him. He was the worst person in the world to confide a secret to; and if any charge against anybody was mentioned to him, it was probably the first communication he made to the person in question. He hated scandal and tittle-tattle—loved the manly straightforward course; he would harbour no doubts, and never live with another with suspicions in his bosom—out came the accusation, and he called upon the individual to stand clear, or be ashamed of himself. He detested a lie—nothing enraged him so much as a lie; he was by temperament and education extremely irritable, and a lie completely unchained him—his indignation knew no bounds. He had considerable tact in detecting untruth, he would smell it out almost instinctively; he avoided the timid driveller, and generally chose his companions among the lovers and practisers of sincerity and candour. A man tells the false and conceals the true, because he is afraid that the declaration of the thing as it is, will hurt him. Lord Byron was above all the fear of this sort; he flinched from telling no one what he thought to his face; from his infancy he had been afraid of no one; falsehood is not the vice of the powerful; the Greek slave lies; the Turkish tyrant is remarkable for his adherence to truth.

Lord Byron was irritable (as I have said), irritable in the extreme; and this is another fault of those who have been accustomed to the unmurmuring obedience of obsequious attendants. If he had lived at home, and held undisputed sway over hired servants, led captains, servile apothecaries, and willing county magistrates, probably he might have passed through life with an unruffled temper, or at least his escapades of temper would never have been heard of; but he spent his time in adventure and travel, amongst friends, rivals, and foreigners; and, doubtless, he had often reason to find that his early life had unfitted him for dealing with men on an equal footing, or for submitting to untoward accidents with patience.

His vanity was excessive—unless it may with greater propriety be called by a softer name—a milder term, and perhaps a juster, would be his love of fame. He was exorbitantly desirous of being the sole object of interest; whether in the circle in which he was living, or in the wider sphere of the world, he could bear no rival; he could not tolerate the person who attracted attention from himself; he instantly became

animated with a bitter jealousy, and hated, for the time, every greater or more celebrated man than himself; he carried his jealousy up even to Bonaparte; and it was the secret of his contempt for Wellington. It was dangerous for his friends to rise in the world; if they valued his friendship more than their own fame—he hated them.

It cannot be said that he was *vain* of any talent, accomplishment, or other quality in particular; it was neither more nor less than a morbid and voracious appetite for fame, admiration, and public applause: proportionably he dreaded the public censure; and though from irritation and spite, and sometimes through design, he acted in some respects as if he despised the opinion of the world, no man was ever more alive to it.

The English newspapers talked freely of him; and he thought the English public did the same; and for this reason he feared, or hated, or fancied that he hated England; in fact, as far as this one cause went, he did hate England, but the balance of love in its favour was immense; all his views were directed to England; he never rode a mile, wrote a line, or held a conversation, in which England and the English public were not the goal to which he was looking, whatever scorn he might have on his tongue.

Before he went to Greece, he imagined that he had grown very unpopular and even infamous in England! when he left Murray engaged in the *Liberal*, which was unsuccessful, published with the Hunts, he fancied, and doubtless was told so by some of his aristocratic friends, that he had become *low*, that the *better* English thought him out of fashion, and voted him vulgar; and that for the licentiousness of *Don Juan*, or for vices either practised or suspected, the public had morally outlawed him. This was *one* of the determining causes which led him to Greece, that he might retrieve himself. He thought that his name, coupled with the Greek cause, would sound well at home. When he arrived at Cephalonia, and found that he was in good odour with the authorities—that the regiment stationed there, and other English residents in the island received him with the highest consideration, he was gratified to a most extravagant pitch; he talked of it to the last with a perseverance and in a manner which showed how anxious his fears had been that he was lost with the English people. . .

Lord Byron cannot be said to have been *personally* vain in any extraordinary degree—that is, not much more than men

usually are. He knew the power of his countenance, and he took care that it should always be displayed to the greatest advantage. He never failed to appear *remarkable;* and no person, whether from the beauty of the expression of his features, the magnificent height of his forehead, or the singularity of his dress, could ever pass him in the street without feeling that he was passing no common person. Lord Byron has been frequently recollected when his portraits have been shown. "Ah!" the spectator exclaimed, on either picture or engraving being seen; "I met that person in such or such a place, at such or such a time."

His lameness, a slight malformation of the foot, did not in the least impede his activity: it may, perhaps, account in some measure for his passion for riding, sailing, and swimming. He nearly divided his time between these three exercises; he rode from four to eight hours every day when he was not engaged in boating or swimming. And in these exercises, so careful was he of his hands (one of those little vanities which sometimes beset men), that he wore gloves even in swimming.

He indulged in another practice which is not considered in England genteel—that is to say, it is not just now a fashion with the upper classes in this country—he *chewed tobacco* to some extent.

At times, too, he was excessively given to drinking; but this is not so uncommon. In his passage from Genoa to Cephalonia, he spent the principal part of the time in drinking with the captain of the vessel. He could bear an immense quantity of liquor without intoxication, and was by no means particular either in the nature or in the order of the fluids he imbibed. He was by no means a drinker constantly, or in other words, a drunkard, and could, indeed, be as abstemious as anybody; but when his passion blew that way, he drank, as he did everything else, *to excess.*

This was, indeed, the spirit of his life—a round of passion, indulgence, and satiety. *He had tried, as most men do who have the power, every species of gratification, however sensual.* Let no young man here, who is not living under the *surveillance* of his relations, or in fear of the public—let no such person turn up his nose. No men are more given to ring the changes upon gratification of all the sensual kinds than the English, especially the English on the Continent—the English who, in *speech*, are the most modest people in the universe, and who, if you might

trust their shy and reserved manner, think of nothing but *decorum.* Lord Byron did no more in this respect than almost any other lord or esquire of degree has done, and is doing, if he dare, at this moment, whether in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, or elsewhere, with this difference—Lord Byron was a man of strong powers of intellect and active imagination; he drew conclusions, and took lessons from what he saw. Lord Byron, too, was a man capable of intense passion, which every one who pursues the gratification of his appetite is not; consequently he went to work with a headlong reckless spirit, probably derived exquisite enjoyment, quickly exhausted himself, and was then stranded in satiety.

There was scarcely a passion which he had not tried—even that of *avarice.* Before he left Italy he alarmed all his friends by becoming penurious—absolutely miserly—after the fashion of the Elwes and other great misers on record. The pleasures of avarice are dwelt on with evident satisfaction in one of the late cantos of *Don Juan*—pleasures which were no fictions of the poet's brain, but which he had enjoyed and was revelling in at that moment; of course he indulged to excess, grew tired, and turned to something else.

The passion which last animated him was that which is said to be the last infirmity of noble minds—ambition. There can be little doubt that he had grown weary of being known only as a *writer:* he determined to distinguish himself by *action.* Many other motives, however, went to make up the bundle which took him to the succour of the Greeks. Italy was waning in favour, he was beginning to grow weary of the society of the lady to whom, after the manners of Italy, he had been attached, and unfortunately her passion outlived his; even in Greece she would have gladly joined him; but his Lordship had changed. Then, again, Greece was a land of adventure, bustle, struggle, sensation, and excitement, where the inhabitants have beautiful forms, and dress in romantic habits, and dwell in the most picturesque country of the world; and Lord Byron, as he said himself, had "an oriental twist in his imagination." He knew that the Greek looked up to him as, what he really was, one of their greatest regenerators; he was aware that his money and rank would give him unlimited power, influence, and respect; all of which he dearly loved. Then again, if any man ever sympathised deeply with bravery suffering in a generous cause, it was Lord Byron; and when he was roused, in moments

of excitement, this sympathy was a violently propelling and a very virtuous motive. These and other secondary considerations led him to Greece, to sacrifice much of his personal comforts, much of his property, his health, and his life.

No two men were ever more unlike than Lord Byron excited and Lord Byron in the ordinary state of calm. His friends about him used to call it *inspiration;* and when men of their stamp talk about *inspiration*, there must no common change take place. When excited, his sentiments were noble, his ideas grand or beautiful, his language rich and enthusiastic, his views elevated, and all his feelings of that disinterested and martyr-like cast which marks the great mind. When in the usual dull mood in which almost everybody wearies their friends nine hours out of the ten, his ideas were gross, his language coarse, his sentiments not mean certainly, but of a low and sensual kind; his mood sneering and satirical, unless in a very good humour, which indeed he often, I may say, generally was. This is, however, the wrong side of the picture in Lord Byron; he may be said here to be taken at the worst. Without being what I have called *excited*, his conversation was often very delightful, though almost always polluted by grossness—grossness of the very broadest and lowest description, like, I cannot help saying again, like almost all his class—all of them that do not live either in the fear of God, or of the public. His grossness, too, had the advantage of a fertile fancy, and such subjects were the ready source of a petty kind of excitement; the forbidden words, the forbidden topics, the concealed actions of our nature, and the secret vices of society, stimulated his imagination; and stimulants he loved, and may be said at times to have wanted. He certainly did permit his fancy to feed on this dunghill garbage; now and then, indeed, even here he scratched up a pearl; but so dirty a pearl, few would be at the pains of washing it for all its price.

His letters are charming; he never wrote them with the idea of "The Letters of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, in 6 vols. 12mo." before his eyes, as, unfortunately, our great men must now almost necessarily do. The public are so fond of this kind of reading, and so justly too, that there is great reason to fear that it will consume what it feeds on.

Lord Byron's letters are the models of a species of composition which should be written without an eye to any models. His fancy kindled on paper; he touches no subject in a com-

mon every-day way; the reader smiles all through, and loves the writer at the end; longs for his society, and admires his happy genius and his amiable disposition. Lord Byron's letters are like what his conversation was, but better—he had more undisturbed leisure to let his fancies ripen in; he could point his wit with more security, and his irritable temper met with no opposition on paper.

Lord Byron was not ill-tempered nor quarrelsome, but still he was very difficult to live with: he was capricious, full of humours, apt to be offended, and wilful. When Mr. Hobhouse and he travelled in Greece together, they were generally a mile asunder, and though some of his friends lived with him off and on a long time (Trelawney for instance), it was not without serious trials of temper, patience, and affection. He could make a great point often about the least and most trifling thing imaginable, and adhere to his purpose with a pertinacity truly remarkable, and almost unaccountable. A love of victory might sometimes account for little disputes and petty triumphs, otherwise inexplicable, and always unworthy of his great genius: but as I have said, he was only a great genius now and then, when excited; when not so, he was sometimes little in his conduct, and in his writings dull, or totally destitute of all powers of production. He was very good-natured; and when asked to write a song or a copy of verses in an album, or an inscription, for so poets are plagued, he would generally attempt to comply, but he seldom succeeded in doing anything; and when he did, he generally gave birth to such Grub-street doggerel as his friends were ashamed of, and, it is to be hoped, charitably put into the fire. When, on the contrary, in a state of enthusiasm, he wrote with great facility, and corrected very little. He used to boast of an indifference about his writings which he did not feel, and would remark with pleasure that he never saw them in print; and never met with anybody that did not know more about them than himself.

He left very little behind him. Of late he had been too much occupied by the Greeks to write, and indeed, had turned his attention very much to *action*, as has been observed. *Don Juan* he certainly intended to continue; and I believe that the real reason for his holding so many conferences with Dr. Kennedy in Cephalonia, was, that he might master the slang of a religious sect, in order to hit off the character with more verisimilitude.

His religious principles were by no means fixed; habitually, like most of his class, he was an unbeliever; at times, however, he relapsed into Christianity, and, in his interviews with Dr. Kennedy, maintained the part of a Unitarian. Like all men whose imaginations are much stronger than the reasoning power—the guiding and determining faculty—he was in danger of falling into fanaticism, and some of his friends who knew him well used to predict that he would die a Methodist—a consummation by no means impossible.

From the same cause—the preponderance of the imagination—there might have been some ground for the fear which beset his latter moments that he should go mad. The immediate cause of this fear was, the deep impression which the fate of Swift had made upon him. He read the life of Swift during the whole of his voyage to Greece, and the melancholy termination of the Dean's life haunted his imagination.

Strong, overruling, and irregular as was Lord Byron's imagination—a rich vice which inspired him with his poetry, and which is too surely but the disease of a great mind—strong as was this imagination—sensitive and susceptible as it was to all external influence; yet Lord Byron's reasoning faculties were by no means of a low order; but they had never been cultivated; and, without cultivation, whether by spontaneous exertion or under the guidance of discipline, to expect a man to be a good reasoner even on the common affairs of life, is to expect a crop where the seed has not been sown, or where the weeds have been suffered to choke the corn. Lord Byron was shrewd, formed frequently judicious conclusions, and though he did not reason with any accuracy or certainty, very often hit upon the right. He had occasional glimpses, and deep ones too, into the nature of the institutions of society, and the foundations of morals, and by his experience of the passions of men speculated ably upon human life; yet withal he was anything but logical or scientific.

Uncertain and wavering, he never knew himself whether he was right or wrong, and was always obliged to write and feel for the moment on the supposition that his opinion was the true one. He used to declare that he had no fixed principles; which means he knew nothing scientifically. In politics, for instance, he was a lover of liberty, from prejudice, habit, or some vague notion that it was generous to be so; but in what liberty really consists—how it operates for the advantage of

mankind—how it is to be obtained, secured, regulated, he was as ignorant as a child.

While he was in Greece, almost every elementary question of government was necessarily to be discussed; such was the crisis of Greek affairs, about all of which he showed himself perfectly ignorant. In the case of the press, for instance, and in all questions relating to *publicity*, he was completely wrong. He saw nothing but a few immediate effects, which appeared to him pernicious or the contrary, and he set himself against or in behalf of the press accordingly. Lord Byron complaining of the licentiousness of the press may sound rather singular; and yet such are necessarily the inconsistencies of men who suffer themselves to be guided by high-sounding words and vague generalities, and who expect to understand the art of government and the important interests of society by instinct. In spite, however, of Lord Byron, the press was established in Greece, and maintained free and unshackled, by one of the greatest benefactors that country has as yet known from England—the Hon. Colonel L. Stanhope, who, by his activity, his energy, courage, but, above all, by his enlightened knowledge of the principles of legislation and civilization, succeeded in carrying into effect all his measures as agent of the Greek Committee, and who, by spreading useful information, and above all by the establishment of the press in all the principal points of re-union in Greece, has advanced that country in civilization many years, how many we dare not say.

* * * * *

As a proof of Lord Byron's uncertainty and unfixedness, he at one moment gave a very handsome donation (50*l.*) to one paper, the *Greek Chronicle*, the most independent of them all, and promised to assist in its compilation. His friend and secretary, too, with his approbation, established a polyglot newspaper, the *Greek Telegraph*, with his countenance and support. The want of any fixed principles and opinions on these important subjects galled him excessively, and he could never discuss them without passion. About this same press, schools, societies for mutual instruction, and all other institutions for the purpose of educating and advancing the Greeks in civilization, he would express himself with scorn and disgust He would put it on the ground that the present was not the time for these things; that the Greeks must conquer first, and then set about learning—an opinion which no one could seri-

ously entertain, who knew, as he well did, the real situation of the Greeks, who are only now and then visited by the Turks, descending at particular seasons in shoals, like herrings; and like them, too, to be netted, knocked on the head, and left to die in heaps, till the whole country side is glutted with their carcases. The aptitude of the Greeks is as great as their leisure; and if even the men were actively engaged for the most part of their time, which they are not, surely no exertion of benevolence could be attended with more advantage than instructing the children at home. This, to be sure, is a Quaker kind of warfare, and little likely to please a poet; though it must be confessed that, in respect to the pomp and circumstance of war, and all the sad delusions of military glory, no man could have more sane notions than Lord Byron. Mercenary warfare, and the life-and-death struggle of oppressed men for freedom, are very different things; and Lord Byron felt a military ardour in Greece which he was too wise a man ever to have felt under other circumstances. He was at one time, in Greece, absolutely soldier mad; he had a helmet made, and other armour, in which to lead the Suliotes to the storming of Lepanto, and thought of nothing but guns and blunderbusses. It is very natural to suppose that a man of an enthusiastic turn, tired of every-day enjoyments, in succouring the Greeks, would look to the bustle, the adventure, the moving accidents by flood and field, as sources of great enjoyment; but allowing for the romantic character of Guerilla warfare in Greece, for the excessively unromantic nature of projects for establishing schools and printing-presses in safe places, where the Turks never or very seldom reach—allowing for these, yet they were not the causes of his lordship's hostility to these peaceful but important instruments in propagating happiness: he was ignorant of the science of civilization, and he was jealous of those who both knew it and practised it, and consequently were doing more good than himself, and began to be more thought about, too, in spite of his lordship's money, which in Greece is certainly very little short of being all-powerful. The Greeks, it is true, had a kind of veneration for Lord Byron, on account of his having sung the praises of Greece; but the thing which caused his arrival to make so great a sensation there, was the report that he was immensely rich, and had brought a ship full of sallars (as they call dollars) to pay off all their arrears: so that as soon as it was understood he had arrived, the Greek

fleet was presently set in motion to the port where he was stationed—was very soon in a state of the most pressing distress, and nothing could relieve it but a loan of 4000*l.* from his lordship, which loan was eventually obtained (though with a small difficulty), and then the Greek fleet sailed away, and left his lordship's person to be nearly taken by the Turks in crossing the Missolonghi, as another vessel, which contained his suite and his stores, actually was captured, though afterwards released. It was this money, too, which charmed the Prince Maurocordato, who did not sail away with his fleet, but stayed behind, thinking more was to be obtained, as more indeed was, and the whole consumed nobody knows how. However, the sums procured from his lordship were by no means so large as has been supposed; 5000*l.* would probably cover the whole, and that chiefly by way of loan, which has, I hear, been repaid since his death. The truth is, that the only good Lord Byron did, or probably ever could have done to Greece was, that his presence conferred an *eclat* on the cause all over Europe, and disposed the people of England to join in the loan. The lenders were dazzled, by his co-operation with the Greeks, into an idea of the security of their money, which they ought to have been assured of on much better grounds; but it requires some time and labour to learn the real state of a country, while it was pleasant gossip to talk of Lord Byron in Greece. The fact is, that if any of the foreign loans are worth a farthing, it is that to the Greeks, who are decidedly more under the control of European public opinion than any other nation in the world; about their capability to pay no one can doubt, and their honesty is secured by their interest.

Lord Byron was noted for a kind of poetical misanthrophy; but it existed much more in the imagination of the public than in reality. He was fond of society, very good-natured when not irritated, and, so far from being gloomy, was, on the contrary, of a cheerful jesting temperament, and fond of witnessing even low buffoonery; such as setting a couple of vulgar fellows to quarrel, making them drink, or disposing them in any other way to shew their folly. In his writings he certainly dwelt with pleasure on a character which had somehow or other laid hold of his fancy, and consequently under this character he has appeared to the public, viz.: that of a proud and scornful being, who pretended to be disgusted with his species, because he himself had been guilty of all sorts of crimes against society,

and who made a point of dividing his time between cursing and blessing, murdering and saving, robbing and giving, hating and loving, just as the wind of his humour blew. This *penchant* for outlaws and pirates might naturally enough flow from his own character, and the circumstances of his life, without there being the slightest resemblance between the Poet and the Corsair. He had a kind and generous heart, and gloried in a splendid piece of benevolence; that is to say, the dearest exercise of power to him was in unexpectedly changing the state of another from misery to happiness: he sympathised deeply with the joy he was the creator of. But he was in great error with respect to the merit of such actions, and in a greater still respecting the reward which he thought awaited him. He imagined that he was laying up a capital at compound interest. He reckoned upon a large return of gratitude and devotion, and was not content with the instant recompence which charity receives. They who understand the principles of human action know that it is foolish in a benefactor to look further than the pleasure of consciousness and sympathy; and that if he does, he is a creditor, and not a donor, and must be content to be viewed as creditors are always viewed by their debtors—with distrust and uneasiness. On this mistake were founded most of his charges against human life; but his feelings, true to nature, and not obeying the false direction of his prejudices and erroneous opinions, still made him love his land with an ardour which removed him as far as possible from misanthrophy.

Another cause of Lord Byron's misanthrophical turn of writing was his high respect for himself. He had a vast reverence for his own person and all he did and thought of doing inculcated into him, as into other lords, by mothers, governors, grooms, and nurse-maids. When he observed another man neglecting his wants for the sake of some petty gratification of his own, it appeared to him very base in the individual, and a general charge against all mankind; he was positively filled with indignation. He mentions somewhere in his works, with becoming scorn, that one of his relatives accompanied a female friend to a milliner's in preference to coming to take leave of him when he was going abroad. The fact is, no one ever loved his fellow-man more than Lord Byron; he stood in continual need of his sympathy, his respect, his affection, his attentions; and he was proportionably disgusted and depressed when they

were found wanting; this was foolish enough, but he was not much of a reasoner on these points; he was a poet.

* * * * * * * * * *

One day when Fletcher, his valet, was cheapening some monkeys, which he thought exorbitantly dear, and refused to purchase without abatement, his master said to him, "Buy them, buy them, Fletcher; I like them better than men—they amuse, and never plague me." In the same spirit is his epitaph on his Newfoundland Dog—a spirit partly affected and partly genuine. * * * * * *

When he travelled, he communed with the hills, and the valleys, and the ocean. Certainly he did not travel for fashion's sake, nor would he follow in the wake of the herd of voyagers. As much as he had been about the Mediterranean, he had never visited Vesuvius or Ætna, because all the world had; and when any of the well-known European volcanic mountains were mentioned, he would talk of the Andes, which he used to express himself as most anxious to visit. In going to Greece the last time, he went out of his way to see Stromboli; and when it happened that there was no eruption during the night his vessel lay off there, he cursed and swore bitterly for no short time.

In travelling, he was an odd mixture of indolence and capricious activity; it was scarcely possible to get him away from a place under six months, and very difficult to keep him longer. In *The Westminster Review* there is an interesting paper formed out of his letters, and out of Fletcher's account of his last illness, which, though written with fairness, has unhappily the usual fault of going upon stilts. All Lord Byron's movements are attributed to some high motive or other, or some deep deliberation, when his friends well know that he went just as the wind did or did not blow. Among a deal more bamboozlement about Lord Byron going to Greece, or staying here or there, very sage reasons are given for his remaining at Cephalonia so long. The fact is, he had got set down there, and he was too idle to be removed; first, he was not to be got out of the vessel in which he had sailed, in which he dawdled *for six weeks*, after his arrival, when the charter of the vessel expired, and he was compelled to change his quarters. He then took up his residence in the little village of Metaxata, where again he was not to be moved to Missolonghi, whither he had declared his resolution of proceeding; ship after ship was sent for him by Maurocordato, and messenger upon messenger; he pro-

mised and promised, until at length, either worn out by importunity or weary of his abode, he hired a couple of vessels (refusing the Greek ships) and crossed.

It is said that his intention was not to remain in Greece, that he determined to return after his attack of epilepsy. Probably it was only his removal into some better climate that he intended. Certainly a more miserable and unhealthy bog than Missolonghi is not to be found out of the fens of Holland or the Isle of Ely. He either felt, or affected to feel a presentiment that he should die in Greece; and when his return was spoken of, considered it out of the question, predicting that the Turks, Greeks, or the malaria, would effectually put an end to any designs he might have of returning. At the moment of his seizure with the epileptic fits prior to his last illness, he was jesting with Parry, an engineer sent out by the Greek Committee, who, by dint of being his butt, had got great power over him, and indeed became everything to him. Besides this man there was Fletcher, who had lived with him twenty years, and who was originally a shoemaker, whom his lordship had picked up in the village where he lived, at Newstead; and who, after attending him in some of his rural adventures, became attached to his service: he had also a faithful Italian servant, Battista; a Greek secretary; and Count Gamba seems to have acted the part of his Italian secretary; Lord Byron spoke French very imperfectly, and Italian not correctly; and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be prevailed upon to make attempts in a foreign language. He would get anybody about him to interpret for him, though he might know the language better than his interpreter.

When dying, he did not know his situation till a very short time before he fell into the profound lethargy from which he never awoke; and after he knew his danger, he could never speak intelligibly, but muttered his indistinct directions in three languages. He seems to have spoken of his wife and his daughter—chiefly of the latter; to this child he was very strongly attached, with indeed an intense parental feeling; his wife I do not believe he ever cared much for, and probably he married her from mercenary motives.

I shall not attempt any summing up of the desultory observations which I have thrown together, in the hope of superceding the cant and trash that is, and will be said and sung about the character of this great man. All that is necessary

to add by way of conclusion, may be condensed into a few words. Lord Byron was a *Lord* of very powerful intellect and strong passions; these are almost sufficient *data* for a moral geometer to construct the whole figure; at least, add the following sentence, and sufficient is given: whether by early romantic experience, or by a natural extreme sensitiveness to external impressions, it was of all his intellectual faculties the imagination which was chiefly developed. Putting them together, we may conclude, as was the fact, that he was irritable, capricious, at times even childish, wilful, dissipated, infidel, sensual; with little of that knowledge which is got at school, and much of that acquired afterwards; he was capable of enthusiasm; and though intensely selfish, that is, enjoying his own sensations, he was able to make great sacrifices, or, in other words, he had a taste for the higher kinds of selfishness, *i.e.*, the most useful and valuable kinds; he was generous, fearless, open, veracious, and a cordial lover of society and of conviviality; he was ardent in his friendships, but inconstant; and, however generally fond of his friends, more apt to be heartily weary of them than people usually are.

No more epithets need be heaped together; all that men have in general, he had in more than ordinary force; some of the qualities which men rarely have, he possessed to a splendid degree of perfection.

Such is the personal character of Lord Byron, as I have been able to draw it from having had access to peculiar sources of information, and from being placed in a situation best calculated, as I think, to form an impartial opinion.—*London Magazine, Oct.* 2, 1824.

Marriage in High Life.

On Monday last, January 2nd, 1815, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, by the Rev. Thomas Noel, rector of Kirkby Mallory, the Right Honourable Lord Byron, to Miss Milbanke, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart. There were present only Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, the Rev. Mr. Wallis, rector of Seaham, and John Hobhouse, Esq. After the ceremony the happy couple left Seaham for Hannaby, in Yorkshire.—*Morning Chronicle.*

BIRTH.

Sunday last, Lady Byron was safely delivered of a daughter, at his lordship's house, Piccadilly Terrace.—*Morning Chronicle, December 12th*, 1815.

Those who must be sensible that in some degree they are the conductors of public opinion, feel a corresponding and proportionate delicacy in referring to those resources to which they have access, upon the presumption that they will make of them a temperate use. It is not to be conjectured that we have been less ignorant than our cotemporaries of such events as concerns individuals whose stations or talents give them the right or misfortune of notoriety. With this preface, we proceed to state our extreme surprise, and indeed disgust, at the invasion upon private feeling, which, for its "rarity and richness," we fear has been selected as the only proofs of declining literary fame. A French poet has libelled that respectable class of writers to which we belong. "*Tout féseur de journal doît tribût au malin;*" but we confess that, except in the instance to which we allude, we see as little malignity amongst the above class as is to be found in the composition of writers not as frequent, but certainly not less *ephemeral.*

The designation of this journalist is not sufficient, considering that he has not scrupled to name the object of his attack. We therefore select the editor of a Sunday newspaper, as having brought upon his literary associates a disgrace, from which, unfortunately, no past or future efforts of his will be capable of exonerating us. We shall not give any extracts from his accompanying libel, as that alone would in some measure make us the unwilling pander of his unworthy purpose. But in reply, or rather in observation to his publication on the domestic transaction and domestic verses of a noble lord, we merely observe, that either his lordship was wrong in writing them, or he was right—if he was wrong in writing them, the man who objected to them should not have given a public circulation to that which was only meant for partial inspection; if he was right, there is not a censure contained in the animadversion of this critic but must be attributed to a motive more base, than as writers ourselves, we should be willing to assign to any man who pretends to the instruction of his countrymen.

It only remains for us to state, that this man has uttered against himself a proscription, in which we should never have been bold enough to include his name; for he has given to the verses before alluded to an interpretation, from which, with the exception of the moral, they were safe from all but the envious and perverted mind. His lordship has appealed, if appeal he has made (which we cannot admit), only to the generous and the just. As he did not write to the editor of the journal alluded to, that gentleman must be reckoned as an intruder upon common decency and politeness in having dared to answer him.

The poems of the noble lord, to which the above animadversion alludes, were never written for the public eye. But having been inserted in a Sunday paper and copied into a journal of yesterday, we cannot withhold them from our readers.

FARE THEE WELL.

Fare thee well! and if for ever—
  Still for ever, fare *thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
  'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.—
Would that breast were bared before thee
  Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
  Which thou ne'er cans't know again;
Would that breast by thee glanced over,
  Every inmost thought could shew!
Then thou would'st at last discover
  'Twas not well to spurn it so.—
Though the world for this commend thee—
  Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
  Founded on another's woe—
Though my many faults defaced me,
  Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
  To inflict a cureless wound?
Yet—oh, yet—thyself deceive not—
  Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
  Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own its life retaineth—
  Still must mine—though bleeding—beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
  Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live—but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.
And when thou would'st solace gather—
When our child's first accents flow—
Wilt thou teach her to say —"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?
When her little hand shall press thee—
When her lip to thine is prest—
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee—
Think of him thy love had bless'd.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see—
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults—perchance thou knowest—
All my madness—none can know;
All my hopes—where'er thou goest—
Wither—yet with *thee* they go—
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride—which not a world could bow—
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Seared in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this, I scarce can die.

A SKETCH FROM PRIVATE LIFE.

"Honest—Honest Iago!
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee."
SHAKESPEARE.

Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred,
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;
Next—for some gracious service unexprest,
And from its wages only to be guess'd—
Raised from the toilet to the table,—where
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.
With eye unmoved, and forehead unabash'd,
She dines from off the plates she lately wash'd.
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—
The genial confidante, and general spy—
Who could, ye gods! her next employment guess—
An only infant's earliest governess!

She taught the child to read, and taught so well,
That she herself, by teaching, learned to spell.
An adept next in penmanship she grows,
As many a nameless slander deftly shows :
What she had made the pupil of her art,
None know—but that high soul secured the heart,
And panted for the truth it could not hear,
With longing breast and undeluded ear.
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which flattery fooled not—baseness could not blind,
Deceit infect not—near contagion soil—
Indulgence weaken—nor example spoil—
Nor master'd science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown—
Nor genius swell—nor beauty render vain—
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain—
Nor fortune change—pride raise—nor passion bow,
Nor virtue teach austerity—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness—to forgive ;
Too shock'd at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below ;
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend.
But to the theme—now laid aside too long,
The baleful burthen of this honest song—
Tho' all her former functions are no more,
She rules the circle which she served before.
If mothers—none know why—before her quake ;
If daughters dread her for the mother's sake ;
If early habits—those false links, which bind
At times the loftiest to the meanest mind—
Have given her power too deeply to instil
The angry essence of her deadly will ;
If, like a snake, she steal within your walls,
Till the black slime betray her as she crawls ;
If, like a viper, to the heart she wind,
And leave the venom there she did not find ;
What marvel that this hag of hatred works
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,
To make a Pandemonium where she dwells,
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells ;
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
With all the kind mendacity of hints,
While mingling truth with falsehood—sneers with smiles—
A thread of candour with a web of wiles :
A plain blunt shew of briefly spoken seeming,
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming ;
A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal ;
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel :
With a vile mask the gorgon would disown ;
A cheek of parchment—and an eye of stone.

Mark, how the channels of her yellow blood
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to mud,
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's scale—
(For drawn from reptiles only may we trace
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—
Look on her features, and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined :
Look on the picture ! deem it not o'ercharged—
There is no trait which might not be enlarged ;
Yet true to "Nature's journeymen," who made
This monster when their mistress left off trade,—
This female dog-star of her little sky,
Where all beneath her influence droop or die.
Oh ! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now ;
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight !
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind ;
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
Black—as thy will for others would create :
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed—
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
Then, when thou fain would'st weary Heaven with prayer,
Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,
To her thy malice from all ties would tear—
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye,
The climax of all scorn should hang on high,
Exalted o'er thy less abhorred compeers,
And festering in the infamy of years.

Morning Chronicle, April 16th, 1816.

We hasten to correct two errors of the press in our yesterday's notice of the wanton attack made upon a noble poet by the editor of a Sunday newspaper. In that notice, the words "only proofs of declining literary fame," read "only props of, &c." and the words, "with the exception of the moral," should run "with the exception of the venal."

In the first sentence we meant to say, and here repeat, that the above editor seemed to have had recourse to the last means usually resorted to, in order to increase a sinking circulation, namely, an intrusion into the concerns of private life: in the second sentence we thought it our duty to state our opinion, that no one not inherently perverse himself, or employed in perverting others, would have given to the poetry of the noble lord, the colouring transferred to them by the pencil of this unjust assailant. We are sure, that we are stating the opinion of the great majority of our readers, when we say, that the verses alluded to, do equal honour to the head, and the heart of the writer; and that the pathetic tenderness with which he takes leave of her who is still, and ever will be the object of his best affections, is not more decisive of the existence of those affections, than the severity with which he visits the imputed cause of his calamity and his regret.

The industry with which the unprovoked abuse of the noble lord has been circulated through the columns of two of yesterday's papers, will be received by all impartial readers, as a proof that the propogation of this scandal comes from the quarter whence all the infamous misrepresentations originally proceeded. And which though totally disbelieved by all persons whose judgments were not under the control of artful malignity, had too much influence on the mind of their lovely, abused and unhappy victim.

One of the writers says, "that honest prose would not answer the purpose, and thus has the noble poet had recourse to the seductive harmony of verse,"—so far is this from the truth, that were it not from that tender regard which he continues to feel for the only object of his heart—we are certain that from circumstances within our knowledge, nothing could more effectually demonstrate the atrocious character of the conspiracy against his lordship's domestic peace, than a plain unvarnished statement of the case. — *Morning Chronicle, April* 17, 1816.

We have authority from Sir Ralph Milbanke for saying that *he knows* of no conspiracy against the domestic peace of Lord Byron. We cheerfully yield to the honourable baronet's desire to insert this declaration, of the truth of which no man, who is acquainted with him, can doubt. The editor of a Sunday journal brought the most false accusations against the

noble lord; and his efforts have been followed by more than one of the daily writers. We felt it our duty to vindicate the ill-treated nobleman from the aspersions so wantonly thrown out against him. Sir Ralph assures us, that these insinuations have been published, not only without his knowledge, but also much to his disquiet and condemnation. We know them to be false, and repeat, that if these continued slanders shall make the publication of all the circumstances of the unhappy dispute necessary, every impartial reader will agree with us, that nothing but the most gross misrepresentation and malignant influence on a delicate mind, could have operated the separation that has taken place.—*Morning Chronicle, April* 18, 1816.

On Thursday evening we received the following letter from Sir Ralph Noel:—

"Mivart's Hotel, Lower Brook-street,
"April 18, 1816.

"Sir—I observe with the greatest dissatisfaction the manner in which you have inserted, in *The Morning Chronicle* of to-day, the unqualified contradiction I gave you yesterday of the paragraph in your former paper, which stated the existence of a conspiracy against Lord Byron's domestic peace, I did not say that—'*I knew* of no conspiracy against Lord Byron's domestic peace,' but I told you in the most decided manner, that I knew no conspiracy of the kind had ever existed; that the report was utterly false; and I gave you my word of honour, that the step taken by Lady Byron was the result of her own unbiassed judgment, and that her parents and friends interfered only when called upon by her to afford her their support. In the necessity of the step, indeed, her friends fully concurred; but in the suggestion of it they had no concern. Having given you this assurance in the most solemn manner, I called upon you to contradict the paragraph on my authority: you have done so, but in a manner utterly unsatisfactory; and I have to request that you will insert this letter in your paper of to-morrow, in which I repeat, that no conspiracy whatever ever existed against Lord Byron's domestic peace.

"You also, in another part of the conversation which ensued, entirely mistook me. I never stated that the publication in a Sunday journal was 'much to my disquiet and condemnation,'

but in reply to some observations of yours, it was asserted merely as a fact, that no paragraphs hostile to Lord Byron had originated with Lady Byron or her immediate friends, or were published with their knowledge; and that I should lament very much the necessity of making this subject the theme of further discussion in the public papers, which I have always disapproved of in questions that concern the relations of private life. Such were my observations. In the present instance, I conceive these discussions have sprung from the publication of Lord Byron's verses, as I do not remember that the subject was ever canvassed before—they have certainly not originated with Lady Byron.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"— Perry, Esq. "RALPH NOEL."

"P.S. My friend, Colonel Doyle, who was present with me, concurs in his recollection of the above having been the sentiments which I expressed."

To this letter the Editor returned the following answer:—

"Thursday evening, 11 o'clock.

"Sir—On coming to my office, I find your letter, containing an animadversion on the paragraph inserted in my paper, as the result of the conversation last night, and I should have no hesitation in publishing it according to your desire, if I were not morally certain that it would lead inevitably to the publication of the whole correspondence, from Lady Byron's first letter, dated from Kirkby, to the last document, prepared for legal proceedings, if necessary. I stop it, therefore, for one day, to enable you to reflect on the propriety of pushing the matter to this extremity; and, in the mean time, I beg leave to say, that I published the result of the long conversation that passed between us, and not the detail, from motives of the most anxious concern for all parties. You certainly said, in the first instance, that 'No conspiracy had ever existed against the domestic peace of Lord Byron,' to which you will do me the justice to recollect I answered, 'That you could speak to this only from the best of your own knowledge and belief,' and that I perfectly acquitted you of all participation in it, but that I remained fully convinced, from circumstances within my own knowledge, that nothing but gross misrepresentation and

malignant influence could have prevailed on a wife, whose duty it was to cleave to her husband, and particularly such a wife as Lord Byron always described his lady to be, to take the step which she did, and to remain apparently implacable to all the overtures of reconciliation that have since been made. Both you and Colonel Doyle acknowledged that you could not expect me to give up the conviction of my mind, and you appeared to me perfectly to acquiesce in the way that I put it, which was, that I had your authority to declare that no conspiracy, to your knowledge, existed against the noble lord.

"I did not wish to aggravate the unhappy difference by going into all the conversation which took place, nor state the impression which was made on my feelings by your declaration, that Lady B.'s separation from her husband was the 'result of her own unbiassed judgment,' a step which I said, from respect to the lady, I could not have supposed possible; my own ideas of the conduct of a noble-minded woman being so contrary; and such conduct being at the same time so inconsistent with the expressions used by herself to the last moment of their domestic intercourse.

"If I had gone into the whole detail, I must have stated the question put to you, 'Why no reply was given to the application made to your family to specify the charges against Lord B., that he might have an opportunity to vindicate himself from the calumnies so industriously propagated against him?' To this you answered, that Lady Byron acted in this by the advice of Dr. Lushington! What—a wife tears herself from the bosom of her husband, and acts by the cold caution of a lawyer rather than by the dictates of her own heart!

"As to the expression of the disquiet at and condemnation of the infamous aspersions which provoked me to vindicate the noble lord, I certainly conceived you to declare that they not only were not authorized by Lady Byron's friends, but that you regretted and condemned them. I trust you do not mean to withdraw this declaration, or to diminish the import of these words.

"If, in the course of to-morrow, I shall receive your instructions to print the letter, you may depend on the publication on Saturday, together with my own recollection of all that passed between us yesterday, and which, that you may be satisfied of its fairness, I shall be ready to submit beforehand to your perusal. My anxiety is to prevent the breach from being

widened, and to avoid the consequences to which the publication of your letter, and the continuance of such slanders as daily appear in some of the papers, must lead.

"I have the honour to be, with perfect respect for yourself,

"Sir, your faithful servant,

"JA. PERRY."

"Sir Ralph Noel, Bart., &c., &c., &c.

Strand, April 18, 1816."

Yesterday afternoon we saw that Sir Ralph Noel had printed a copy of his letter in *The Courier;* and in the evening we received the following letter from him, in reply to that of the editor, which we publish without an additional word. If, as we fear, the publication of all the particulars of this domestic quarrel should follow, our readers will judge by which of the parties it has been provoked.

"Mivart's Hotel, April 19, 1816.

"Sir—I cannot withdraw my request, that you will insert the letter of explanation which I yesterday sent you. You must take the responsibility upon yourself of whatever you may choose to publish, and I must decline any previous communication on the subject.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"RALPH NOEL."

The custom, so contrary to law and reason in almost every other case, of treating the *private* character of theatrical performers as public property, might be in some measure excusable, as a sort of negative tribute to virtue and morals, were all the chroniclers honest. For a specimen of the license in which some of those facetious gentlemen, the editors of the London prints, indulge, to gratify the prurient curiosity of their readers, we need only allude to the liberties taken with the name of Lord Byron, in association with that of the present reigning favourite of the comic muse, in the theatre over whose welfare his lordship presides as Chairman of the Committee of Proprietors. Whilst all sorts of tales passed current, by way of accounting for Mrs. Mardyn's temporary retirement from

the stage of Drury, to make room for Mr. Kean's more serious run of characters during Lent, that lady, unconscious of the honours so liberally intended her by the co-operation of envy and credulity, was increasing her list of friends by performing at the theatres of Reading, Canterbury, Dover, and Deal. Previously to and during Passion-week, we find her solely occupied with the maternal indulgence of a visit to her child, who is at school in the neighbourhood of this city. On Monday evening Mrs. M. visited our theatre to see Mr. Young's *Lear*, and we understand she is now about returning to resume her contemporary post of honour in London.—*Bristol Gazette*, *April* 20, 1816.

The legal instrument of separation is signed by Lord and Lady Byron, and this day the noble lord takes his departure for the continent. We abstain, therefore, from all further observation on this delicate subject, which ought never, in our mind to have been made the topic of newspaper discussion. We felt it our duty simply to stand forward in vindication of the noble poet, when cruelly slandered, but not as being in his confidence, or in any way instructed by him. The *Courier* and *Morning Post* are therefore mistaken in this respect. We never saw the two poems that have given rise to so much fury, till they appeared in *The Morning Herald*, and we have neither seen nor heard from Lord Byron, through the whole period of the controversy. We were led to postpone the publication of Sir Ralph Noel's letter for one day, because we dreaded, from what we had heard of the matter in society, that the noble lord would be provoked to print the testimonies to his innocence which he possessed, if reports of the horrible atrocities imputed to him should be continued. An agreement for a separation had been signed by the two gentlemen to whom the case was referred. But after this agreement, which was to stop all legal proceedings on both sides, the most insidious and diabolical charges were anonymously circulated against him. And yet it is now pretended that the noble lord was the first to bring the suspected destroyer of his domestic peace to the tribunal of the public! Let those who accuse him of bitterness in his satire, think of the provocation that he received. But the agreement is confirmed. Husband and wife are separated; and the noble lord, we are sorry to say, quits his country, perhaps, for ever.—*Morning Chronicle*, *April* 23, 1816.

It is our principle to do justice under all circumstances, and abhorring, as we do, the principles avowed by Lord Byron, we rather rejoice at having to record a redeeming act of his life, and which, connected as it is with his amiable lady, will, no doubt, be interesting to our readers.

It will be remembered that Lady Noel on her death, bequeathed property to Lady Byron to a considerable amount (we believe as much as seven thousand pounds per annum), but, upon proving the will, it was discovered that, by the wording, the whole of the legacy, *contrary to the intention* of the testatrix, devolved upon Lord Byron.

His lordship, however, convinced (as he well, indeed, might be) that no part of the legacy was intended for *him*, and yet under his circumstances, not feeling disposed to abandon his right altogether, suggested the appointment of a friend on his part to meet a friend of her ladyship's, by whose award upon the subject he agreed to abide.

This suggestion was adopted, and the arbitrators (my Lord Dacre on the one part, and Sir Francis Burdett on the other), agreed that the legacy should be equally divided between the parties, in which arrangement Lord Byron has acquiesced.—*John Bull, April* 14, 1822.

BYRON TO MURRAY.

Attacks on *me* were what I look'd for, MURRAY,
But why the devil do they badger you?
These godly newspapers seem hot as curry,
But don't, dear publisher, be in a stew.
They'll be so glad to see you in a flurry—
I mean those canting Quacks of your Review—
They fain would have you all to their own set;—
But never mind them—we're not parted yet.
They surely don't suspect you, MR. JOHN,
Of being more than *accoucheur* to CAIN;
What mortal ever said you wrote the DON?
I dig the mine, you only fire the train!
But here—why really no great lengths I've gone—
Big wigs and buzz were always my disdain—
But my poor shoulders why throw *all* the guilt on?
There's as much blasphemy, or more, in MILTON.—
The thing's a drama, not a sermon book;
Here stands the murderer—that's *the old one* there—
In gown and cassock how would Satan look?
Should Fraticides discourse like DR. BLAIR?

The puritanic MILTON freedom took,
Which, now-a-days, would make a bishop stare ;
But not to shock the feelings of the age,
I only bring your angels on the stage.
To bully You, yet shrink from battling Me,
Is baseness. Nothing baser stains *The Times*,[1]
While JEFFREY in each catalogue I see,
While no one talks of priestly PLAYFAIR'S crimes,
While DRUMMOND, at Marseilles, blasphemes with glee,
Why all this row about my harmless rhymes?
Depend on't, PISO, 'tis some private pique
'Mong those that cram your *Quarterly* with Greek.

If this goes on, I wish you'd plainly tell 'em,
'Twere quite a treat *to me* to be indicted ;
Is it less sin to write such books than sell 'em?
There's muscle!—I'm resolv'd I'll see you righted.
In me, great SHARPE, *in me converte telum!*
Come, DOCTOR SEWELL, show you *have* been knighted !—
On my account you never shall be dunn'd,
The copyright, in part, I will refund.
You may tell all who come into your shop,
You and your Bull-dog both remonstrated ;
My Jackall did the same, you hints may drop,
(All which, perhaps, you have already said).
Just speak the word, I'll fly to be your prop ;
They shall not touch a hair, man, in your head.
You're free to print this letter ; you're a fool
If you don't send it first to the *John Bull.*

John Bull, April 14th, 1822.

LORD BYRON IN ITALY.

Signior ———, an English singer, who had been making the tour of Italy to improve his musical tactics, was at Reggio, in Calabria, and anxious to proceed to Vienna by the shortest route, where he was engaged to sing before the emperor. He embarked without passports in an open boat, bound to Ancona, a capital town on the Adriatic Gulph ; but was seized near Cape Otranto by a Venetian galley, and thrown into prison, where he managed to have a letter delivered into Lord Byron's hands, who very soon had him released. He sang at the nobility's concerts, and became a general favourite.

He was also a *navigable gentleman*, very partial to swimming, and gave a singular proof of his expertness in that exercise.

At a moonlight meeting on the shore, he sang to amuse many of the chief nobility without receiving any recompense, and was wearied out with encores, when the Duke de Montcassio insisted upon his repeating a song; he remonstrated in vain, and they pressed upon him till he stood on the last of the Virgin's steps leading to the water. They thought he was now safe; but, to their utter astonishment, he made a low bow, and taking to the water like a spaniel, swam across to the square, amidst thunders of applause. Except upon the stage, the Signior was never after troubled with an encore.

He lodged at a hotel adjoining that of Lord Byron's, who honoured him with particular notice.

Sir George W—— had for some time vainly laboured for an introduction to his lordship. He was a * * *, and most horribly vulgar in his language and deportment; moreover, his wife was a *blue stocking*, and had penned a novel, in which Lord Byron was introduced as a repentant husband. For these reasons the doors of his lordship were hermetically sealed against their ingress. Captain F——n, a Scotch officer, a friend of my lord's, and a wight of "infinite mirth and excellent fancy," bent upon misehief, promised Sir George an introduction. *Signior* —— was a partner in the scheme; he was dressed up in a fac-simile of his lordship's clothes, and his supposed lordship received the baronet at his hotel. Added to his natural stupidity, Sir George was purblind and easily deceived. The company consisted of several *bon vivants;* the baronet sat on the right of the signior, fully convinced he was elbowing the immortal bard. The signior gave some of Lord B——'s songs, in a strain of burlesque that created infinite mirth. Sir George listened with gravity, and marked time with his head. At the close of the evening a bill was presented of "heavy weight," the mock lord having left the chair and the room. Sir George stared; Captain F——n remarked that they were in a hotel, and everybody was glad to pay for seeing my Lord Byron. The baronet discharged the bill, and went home highly pleased with his new acquaintance. Next day, when promenading, Sir George met his lordship in a similar dress to that worn by the signior; and after rubbing his spectacles, saluted him with a "How do ye do, my lord? how does the wine sit on your stomach?" His lordship did not exactly stomach this mode of salutation, and peevishly exclaimed, "Sir, I don't know you." "Not know me!" said

the wiseacre, "for whom you sang so many rich songs last night!" "The man is mad," muttered his lordship, and pushed rudely past him.

The trick soon reached the ears of his lordship, who was ill pleased at his name being made so free with; and the baronet, unable to stand the quizzing, quitted Venice in disgust. His lordship, fertile at invention, laid a plan to be revenged upon the forward ballad singer, who had the vanity to suppose he had a person "worthy of any lady's eye." The Countess G—— undertook to make him believe she was smitten with the charms of his person, and in a short time succeeded. The signior professed himself her admirer, and an assignation was fixed upon to take place in her apartment where there was only one door, and no hiding place of any description. His lordship, as concerted, thundered at the door shortly after the signior had entered, and the lady, under pretence of saving him, thrust him into the chimney, and fastened the board with a spring lock.

His lordship had ordered a cold collation and a concert of music, as numerous friends came with him. For the space of three hours the entertainment was kept up merrily, and the signior suffered penance in the chimney. Imagine to yourself a July day in Italy, and then think what the signior must have endured. One of the company expressed a wish to change instrumental for vocal music, when Lord Byron observed he had a bird in the chimney which could imitate the notes of Signior —— to admiration. Going near the chimney, he, in a whisper, demanded a song. On pain of further confinement the signior, humbled in spirit, began and finished with some humour the air,

"Pray set the mournful captive free."

His lordship, then producing sundry benefit cards, made the company (most of whom were those that enjoyed the joke at his expense the preceding evening) purchase at a high price, remarking, that everyone was glad to pay for hearing *Signior —— sing.* The son of Apollo was then released, and a free pardon granted on his promising never again to soar beyond his professional sphere.

The Countess of G—— has occasioned some noise both in Italy and England; all the romantic tales of his lordship taking her out of a convent are fictions; she is no subject

for a nunnery. Her father is the head of an ancient Roman family, much reduced in its fortunes ; he let out his palace for their support, and Lord Byron by chance occupied it when his daughter was given in marriage to the Count G——, an officer poor in everything but titles. Lord B—— made the bride a liberal present of jewels, and in a short time he became the *locum tenens* of the bridegroom. An amicable arrangement was made, the count set off to join the army at Naples, newly caparisoned, and the countess remained under the roof of the noble lord, where the father acts as regulator of the household. She is a lovely woman, not more than twenty-two years of age, of a gay, volatile disposition ; rides like an Amazon, and fishes, hunts, and shoots with his lordship. Nature appears to have formed them for each other. She is beloved by all the domestics, and is friendly to everyone that wants her aid. She speaks English with purity, and possesses many accomplishments.

Her spirit is of the most intrepid description. Two months ago we went on a shooting party to the island of Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia, where Sappho took the lover's leap, and buried in oblivion all memory of Phaon's inconstancy. My lord was taken with one of his odd vagaries, and without saying a word to anyone sailed in a Greek polacre to Ithaca. Chance directed a boat to St. Maura, the crew of which had seen his lordship wandering on the shores of the Ulyssean Isle ; the countess resolved to go after him, and, dauntlessly stepping into a small boat, accompanied by a boy, she spread her little sail to the breeze, and steered away, refusing to let any of us partake of the dangerous enterprise. For my part, I was not so much of a hero as to foster any ambition to become a Palinurus to the crazy bark of love. After being tossed about for three days and two nights, she landed safe at Ithaca, and met the fugitive bard, astonished at her magnanimity. In ancient days, this action would have formed the theme of an epic poem, and it is possible his lordship may yet render the tale as immortal as that of Sappho and Phaon.

The barren island of Ithaca had charms for the gloomy mind of his lordship ; and I have reason for supposing that, during the sojourn of our adventurers upon it, the drama of *Cain* was first conceived and partly written. The story of Ulysses ploughing the sea sand, when he affected madness to remain from the siege of Troy, may not have been a fiction,

for a more barren and desolate place can scarce be imagined. The countess took views from it in many places; her pencil is as often in her hand as his lordship's pen is in his; but it was only chance that ever favoured us with a sight of the productions of either.

On his lordship's return to Santa Maura, we all embarked on board of a small latteen-sailed vessel for Venice. The first night we encountered a violent storm, which compelled us to seek shelter in a small creek on the west side of Zante. His lordship proved a good seaman, and showed his "intrepidity in the darkened hour." But for his threats and promises we should have perished on the rocks. The crew, consisting of Albanians, were the most wretched cowards I had ever seen. An officer on the staff of Sir Thomas Adams came to the cottage on the beach, where our party had taken refuge; he politely offered us any accommodation the small fortress near afforded; this his lordship declined, and invited him to dine with us in a tent on the shore. The day turned out fine, and was passed agreeably; the officer was a subaltern in the Greek infantry, and when a serjeant had known Lord Byron at Parga, and done him some trifling service. This his lordship reminded him of after dinner, and gave him a snuff-box, which he desired him to keep as a memorial of his gratitude. The poor fellow's heart was so full that he could not keep the secret; the box contained a note for 50*l.*

Returned from Ithaca to Venice, we frequently made excursions to the neighbouring towns and villages, where his lordship was well known; and not unfrequently we had warning given at breakfast to be ready for a journey in two hours. This was the usual mode of taking us unprepared. No previous conversation ever led to a belief of what were his lordship's intentions; all his actions appeared to spring from the impulse of the moment. It was not always pleasant, nevertheless, to be thus taken by surprise; and the time for preparation was never considered by his lordship.

It took no more trouble to prepare him for a journey of several days than a knight of the first crusades to make ready for a campaign, who had but one suit, in which he slept. Whether he was in his common daily or full court-dress, the only change he makes is drawing on a pair of tanned brown and red leather boots, and flinging a spotted silk cloak over his shoulders. With a brace of pistols in his belt, and a large

English postilion's whip in his hand, he is armed *cap-à-pie* for all weathers. If he had half a dozen servants to take care of the luggage, he invariably would carry a small portmanteau behind him, which held a change of linen; before him was a pair of horse-pistol holsters, in which he kept his sketch-book, papers, pens, and ink, and three or four silk and cambric handkerchiefs, which he was in the habit of dipping in the rivers and springs, and rubbing his forehead with. No man was more particular in the attendance of his servants, and no one ever had less occasion for their services. He kept them for the convenience of his friends alone, and in that particular certainly studied their comforts to the neglect of his own. We took the road to Verona, which was a favourite city of his lordship's, from a romantic notion which he entertained that the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare had absolutely existed within its walls, and he has been heard to declare that he could point out the ruins of Friar Lawrence's hermitage. In fact, like Gray and Mason with their Druids, Temples of Odin, and Fatal Sisters, his lordship brooded over darkened scenes, accordant with his imagination, till he "thought each strange tale devoutly true."—*Magic Lantern, January 1st*, 1823.

We quote the following account from an American paper, of the interview of certain Americans with Lord Byron at Genoa. It is evident that his lordship, as *Corporal Nym* says, "was passing good humours upon them."

"Genoa, ————.

"I have been rambling about in Italy for fourteen months, and know every road in it better than anyone in America, and every street or lane in Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, &c., &c., better than the main street in Richmond. I am however, I believe, about to quit it, I fear for ever. I am here, lingering on the end. On the 16th we arrived here. About two miles from town we overtook a gentleman on horseback, attended by a servant; I looked at his face, and instantly recognized him from a portrait by an American painter, West, now at Florence, to be the most extraordinary man now alive—a glance at his distorted foot confirmed it. We rode on—part of our object in visiting Genoa had been to introduce ourselves to him. Accordingly next day we wrote a short and polite note,

requesting leave to pay our respects, to which we received one equally polite, requesting us to call next day at two o'clock. We went; a servant stood ready to receive us, and we were shown into a saloon, where we waited with beating hearts for about a minute, when *he* made his appearance. He is about five feet six inches high; his body is small, and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches shorter than the other; his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good, but no other head I ever saw of him *is in the least like him.* His forehead is high, and smaller at the top than below (the likenesses are *vice versa*). His hair, which had formerly hung in beautiful brown ringlets, beginning to turn grey, he being, as he told us, thirty-five years old. His eyes between a light blue and grey; his nose straight, but a little turned up; his teeth most beautiful; his head is perhaps too large for his body. *Who is he?* One of our company began a set apology, which he cut short by telling us it was useless, for he was very glad to see us, and then began to ask us questions, fifty in a minute, without waiting for an answer to any, and if by chance it was made, he seemed impatient if it contained more than two words. He flew from one subject to another, and during about an hour and a half talked upon at least 200 subjects—sometimes with great humour, laughing very heartily. At length, looking round, he asked with a quizzical leer which of us was from *old Virginia?* I bowed assent. Then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer:—'Have you been in England? How long have you been in Italy? Is Jefferson alive? Is it true that your landlords are all colonels and justices? Do you know Washington Irving? He is decidedly the first English prose writer, except Scott. Have you read *Bracebridge Hall?*' (I answered, 'No.') 'Well, if you choose I'll lend it you; here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the *Spy*. I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs in Italy. Your morals are much purer than those of England (there I laughed)—those of the higher classes in England have become very corrupt (I smothered my laugh). Do you think if I was to live in America they would ever make me a judge of the Ten Pound Court? Is it true that an Englishman is always insulted, in travelling through America?' We assured him not. He then told us more laughable stories of the ridiculous biographies made of him, especially by the

French. One of them represented him as a gloomy, miserable mortal, keeping the skull of his mistress as a drinking cup. I told him that was pretty much the idea we had of him, as we considered him a sort of vampire (he laughed heartily). He said *Bracebridge Hall* was beautifully written, but as for the characters, they exist only in the brain of W. I. There are no old English gentlemen—no yeomen. The English have lost everything good in their character. Their morals are particularly bad (here I thought he really was quizzing us). In fine, he kept us for an hour and a half constantly amused, and dismissed us well satisfied with our interview. His manners are most charming and fascinating, and if he is, as they say, a devil, he is certainly a merry one—nothing gloomy. His voice is low and soft, and at first sounds affected. Now who is it? Who is this man about whom I have written a whole letter? It is *Childe Harold, Corsair, Don Juan*—in plain English, Lord Byron."—*Morning Chronicle, September 9th,* 1823.

Lord Byron's Latest Verses.

We have been indebted to a friend for the following immortal verses of Lord Byron, the last he ever composed. Four of the lines have already appeared in an article in *The Westminster Review*:—

Messolonghi, *January 22nd,* 1824.

"On this day I completed my thirty-sixth year."

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze;
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul ; nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see ;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake ! not Greece—she is awake !—
Awake, my spirit,—think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home !

I tread reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth,—why live ?—
The land of honorable death
Is here—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath !

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best.
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Death of Lord Byron.

A courier arrived in town yesterday morning, with the distressing intelligence of the decease of Lord Byron, at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, after an illness of ten days. A cold, attended with inflammation, was the cause of the fatal result. Lord Sidney Osborne's letters from Corfu are dated the 27th of April. His lordship was about to proceed immediately to Zante, where the body had arrived.

Lord Byron had perfectly recovered from his illness in February, which was of quite a different nature from that under which he died.

The following is a translation of the proclamation which was issued by the Greek authorities at Missolonghi, to the grief of its inhabitants, who were thus arrested in the celebration of their Easter festivities :

"PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

"The present days of festivity are converted into days of bitter lamentation for all—Lord Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days. During the time of his illness your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of sex or age, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter. The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake when circumstances should require it. His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of everyone, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor. Until the dispositions of the National Government regarding this most calamitous event be known, by virtue of the decree of the legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th of October,

"IT IS ORDAINED,—1. To-morrow, by sunrise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.

"2. All public offices, including all courts of justice, shall be shut for three following days.

"3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivities and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period.

"4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one days.

"5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

"A. MAUROCORDATO.

"GIORGIO PRAIDI, Secretary.

"Missolonghi, 19th April, 1824."

We understand that at Missolonghi the grief that pervaded the inhabitants did not require this notification from the Government. Mourning was deep and universal.

The Greeks have requested and obtained the heart of Lord Byron, which will be placed in a mausoleum in the country, the liberation of which was his last wish.

His body will be brought to England.

His lordship leaves one daughter, a minor.

Thus has perished, in the flower of his age, in the noblest of causes, one of the greatest poets England ever produced. His death, at this moment, is, no doubt, a severe misfortune to the struggling people for whom he has so generously devoted himself.

His character we shall not attempt to draw. He had virtues, and he had failings; the latter were in a great measure the result of the means of indulgence which were placed within his reach at so early a period of his life. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," said an inspired writer, and certainly it may be said that the gift of riches is an unfortunate one for the possessor. The aim which men, who are not born to wealth, have constantly before them, gives a relish to existence to which the hereditarily opulent must ever be strangers. Gratifications of every kind soon lose their attraction, the game of life is played without interest, for that which can be obtained without effort is never highly prized.

It is fortunate for the great when they can escape from themselves into some pursuit, which, by firing their ambition, gives a stimulus to their active powers. We rejoiced to see Lord Byron engaged in a cause which afforded such motives for exertions, and we anticipated from him many days of glory. But it has been otherwise decreed.

George Gordon Lord Byron, born in 1788, was the representative of a family which ascends to the Norman Conquest, and many of his ancestors fill a distinguished place in the history of this country. The peerage was conferred on Sir John Byron for his services to the royal cause in the battle of Edge-hill and Newbury, in which he was engaged with six of his brothers.

William Lord Byron, who succeeded to the family honours, in 1736, was committed to the Tower, in 1765, for killing his

relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, fought at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall Mall, by the light of a candle. A verdict of wilful murder had been returned by the coroner's jury, and his lordship was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall, and found guilty of manslaughter; but discharged on the plea of privilege, when brought up for judgment. This lord died at Newstead Abbey, May 17, 1798.

The Hon. John Byron, his brother, born at Newstead Abbey on the 8th Nov., 1723, is distinguished in our naval history for the hardships he encountered in the expedition under Commodore Anson, and for the expedition he himself commanded shortly after the commencement of the last reign. The son of this veteran, John Byron, the father of the poet, was born in 1751. He distinguished himself in the annals of gallantry, by the seduction of the Marchioness of Carmarthen, whom, after her divorce, he married. On her death he married Miss Gordon, a Scotch lady of noble descent, an heiress to an estate at Rayne, in the district of Gairwih, in the county of Aberdeen; he died at Valenciennes, on the 2nd of August, 1791. His lordship's mother died in Scotland, while he was on his travels, in 1811.

Lord Byron succeeded to the title and estates on the death of William the fifth Lord Byron, which, as we have already stated, took place in 1798, when he was only ten years of age.

Up to that period he had lived in Aberdeenshire, and it appears that the wild scenery of the spot in which he passed his early years remained always deeply engraven on his memory. In his first publication, *The Hours of Idleness*, there is a poem on Lachin y Gair, to which he prefixes a short introduction, in which he says, it is "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps. Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows: near Lachin y Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life." In the poem he breaks out thus:—

Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;

I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star,
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

It was then said, indeed, that the liberty he enjoyed of ranging the hills without controul, at that early period, that his frame, which was delicate, might be invigorated by air and exercise, made him ever afterwards impatient of restraint.

If, as has been said, Lord Byron, in *Donna Inez*, in his "*Don Juan*," gave a sketch of his mother, it can hardly be said that her maternal indulgence seduced him into a flattering resemblance—

His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone;
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed—
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did.

Her favourite science was the mathematical;
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity;
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all;
Her serious sayings darken'd to sublimity:
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy:—her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening, silk, or, in the summer muslin,
And other stuffs with which I won't stay puzzling.

Perfect she was—but as perfection is
Insipid in this naughty world of ours,
Where our first parents never learn'd to kiss,
Till they were exiled from their earlier bowers,
Where all was peace, and innocence, and bliss
(I wonder how they got through the twelve hours),
Don Jose, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her leave.

He was a mortal of the careless kind—
With no great love of learning or the learn'd,
Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd.
The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturn'd,
Whisper'd he had a mistress—some said *two*—
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities ;
Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,
And such, indeed, she was in her moralities ;
But then she had a devil of a spirit—
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

Towards the close of the year 1798, he was removed to Harrow. Speaking of his studies there, his lordship says, in a note to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, "In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from mere common authors, and do not read their best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the plan of my education. I was not a slow though an idle boy; and I believe no one could be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason:—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, but too late when I had erred," &c.

At the age of little more than sixteen, he removed to the University of Cambridge, where he became a student of Trinity College.

At the age of nineteen he left the University for Newstead Abbey, and the same year gave to the world his "*Hours of Idleness.*"

Among the early amusements of his lordship, were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired great dexterity, even in his childhood. In his aquatic exercises near Newstead Abbey, he had seldom any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose sagacity and fidelity he would sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him and drag him ashore. On losing this dog, in the autumn of 1808, his lordship caused a monument to be erected, commemorative of its attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines :—

"Ye who, perchance, behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn !
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and from thence proceeded across the

Peninsula to the Mediterranean, in company with Mr. Hobhouse. The travels of his lordship are described in *Childe Harold* and the Notes. It is somewhat singular that his lordship should have then had a narrow escape from a fever, in the vicinity of the place where he has just ended his life :—

"When, in 1810," he says, "after the departure of my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea; these men (Albanians) saved my life, by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman, or interpreter, was as ill as myself, and my poor arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilisation."

While the Salsette frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont. Lord Byron and Lieut. Ekenhead agreed to make the trial—they accordingly attempted this enterprise on the 3rd of May, 1810. The following is the account given of it by his lordship :—

"The whole distance from Abydos, the place whence we started, to our landing at Sestos on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across; and it may in some measure be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the Straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul at Tarra-

gona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability."

This notable adventure was, however, followed by a fit of the ague.

He returned to England, after an absence of nearly three years, and the two first cantos of *Childe Harold* made their appearance a few months afterwards. To this poem, in rapid succession, followed the *Giaour* and the *Bride of Abydos*, two Turkish stories; and while the world was as yet divided in opinion as to which of these three pieces the palm was due, he produced his beautiful poem of the *Corsair*.

On the 2nd of January, 1815, his lordship married, at Seaham, in the county of Durham, the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet, and towards the close of the same year his lady brought him a daughter. Within a few weeks, however, after that event a separation took place, for which various causes have been stated. This difference excited a prodigious sensation at the time. His lordship, while the public anxiety as to the course he would adopt was at its height, suddenly left the kingdom with the resolution never to return.

He crossed over to France, through which he passed rapidly to Brussels, taking in his way a survey of the field of Waterloo. He proceeded to Coblentz, and thence up the Rhine as far as Basle. After visiting some of the most remarkable scenes in Switzerland, he proceeded to the North of Italy. He took up his abode for some time at Venice, where he was joined by Mr. Hobhouse, who accompanied him in an excursion to Rome, where he completed his *Childe Harold*.

At Venice, Lord Byron avoided as much as possible all intercourse with his countrymen. He quitted that city, and took up his residence in other parts of the Austrian dominions in Italy, which he quitted for Tuscany. He was joined by the late Mr. Shelley, and afterwards by Mr. Leigh Hunt.

His patrimonial estate received lately a large increase by the death of Lady Byron's mother, and a valuable coal mine, said to be worth 50,000*l*, had been discovered on his Rochdale estate before he left England, so that at his death he must have been in the possession of a large income.

The journey of his lordship to Greece, and the part he has acted in that country will endear his memory to every friend of liberty.

One production of his lordship will be looked for with more anxiety than any of his former publications. We allude to his Life, written by himself, which he gave to his friend Mr. Thomas Moore, and which has been some time in this country. If report is to be credited, Lord Byron has in his work examined himself with an unsparing severity of which few men are capable.—*Morning Chronicle, May 17th*, 1824.

The late Lord Byron was brought up in Aberdeenshire, until he was about ten years of age, at which period he was removed to Harrow, his mother being induced to leave Scotland by the demise of the former Lord Byron. It is not our purpose to say anything of the conduct of the Honourable Captain J. Byron, the deceased poet and philanthropist, but that, soon after his marriage, and the birth of his only son, he died, leaving his widow in no very flourishing circumstances, as regards pecuniary matters. Her conduct, however, was most exemplary, and if his lordship intended to depict his mother as Donna Inez, in his *Don Juan*, as has been said by one of our cotemporaries, and indeed, generally understood, to us it appears that he has dealt with undue severity with his parent. His lordship was born on his mother's estate, about 30 miles from Aberdeen, to which city both of them removed, on the death of his father, when he was but two years old. In Aberdeen his mother lived in almost perfect seclusion, on account of the great deterioration of her property by the extravagance of her deceased husband, for her high spirit would not suffer her to apply to his family for the slightest allowance, although her own was scanty indeed. She kept no company, but was regarded and esteemed by all who knew her, and her amiable disposition and manners were particularly shown towards all those whom she thought fit to associate in reading or in sports with her darling son. He was her darling son, for we have seen her when he has only been going out for an ordinary walk, entreat him, with the tear glistening in her eye, to take care of himself, as "she had nothing on earth but him to live for;" a circumstance not at all pleasing to his adventurous spirit, the more especially as some of his companions, who witnessed the affectionate scene, would, at school, or at their sports, make light of it, and ridicule him

about it. The Hon. Mrs. Byron had a beautiful countenance, but was rather a *petite* figure, and had somewhat too much of *embonpoint.* She was naturally a woman of spirit and of gaiety, but we never understood that her genius lay chiefly in the "mathematical," or that, "her wit was attic all," which his lordship attributes to that of Donna Inez.

George Byron Gordon was the appellation by which he was known to his schoolfellows in Aberdeen, and if any of them, by accident or design, reversed the latter words, he was very indignant at it, on account of the neglect with which his father's family had all along treated his mother.

At the age of seven years his lordship, whose previous instruction in the English language had been his mother's sole task, was sent to the Grammar School at Aberdeen, where he continued till his removal to Harrow, with the exception of some intervals of absence, which were deemed necessary for the establishment of his health, by a temporary removal to the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, his constitution being always (while a boy) uncommonly delicate, his mind painfully sensitive, but his heart transcendantly warm and kind. Here it was he delighted in "the mountain and the flood," and here it was that he imbibed that spirit of freedom, and that love for "the land of his Scottish sires," which nothing could tear from his heart. Here it was that he felt himself without restraint, even in dress; and on his return to school, which, by-the-bye, he always did with the utmost willingness, it was with much difficulty that his mother could induce him to quit the kilt and the plaid, in compliance with the manners of the town; but the bonnet he would never leave off, until it could be no longer worn.

At school his progress never was so distinguished above that of the general run of his class-fellows, as after those occasional intervals of absence, when he would in a few days run through (and well too) exercises, which, according to the school routine, had taken weeks to accomplish. But when he had overtaken the rest of his class, he contented himself with being considered a tolerable scholar, without making any violent exertion to be placed at the head of the first form. It was out of school that he aspired to be the leader of everything. In all the boyish sports and amusements he would be the first, if possible. For this he was eminently calculated. Candid, sincere; a lover of stern and inflexible truth; quick, enterprising, and daring, his

mind was capable of overcoming those impediments which nature had thrown in his way, by making his constitution and body weak, and by a malconformation of one of his feet. Nevertheless, no boy could outstrip him in the race, or in swimming. Even at that early period (from eight to ten years of age) all his sports were of a manly character; fishing, shooting, swimming, and managing a horse, or steering and trimming the sails of a boat, constituted his chief delights; and, to the superficial observer, seemed his sole occupation. This desire for supremacy in the school games, which we have alluded to, led him into many combats, out of which he always came with honour, almost always victorious. Upon one occasion, a boy, pursued by another, took refuge in his mother's house; the latter, who had been much abused by the former, proceeded to take vengeance on him, even on the landing-place of the drawing-room stairs, when young Byron came out at the noise, and insisted that the refugee should not be struck in his house, or else he must fight for him. The pursuer, "nothing loth," accepted the challenge, and they fought for nearly an hour, when both were compelled to give in, from absolute exhaustion.

It is the custom of the grammar-school at Aberdeen, that the boys of all the five classes, of which it is composed, should be assembled for prayers in the public school at eight o'clock in the morning, previous to which a censor calls over the names of all, and those who are absent are fined.

The first time that Lord Byron had come to school after his accession to his title, the rector had caused his name to be inserted in the censor's book—Georgius Dominus de Byron, instead of Georgius Byron Gordon, as formerly. The boys, unused to this aristocratic sound, set up a loud and involuntary shout, which had such an effect on his sensitive mind, that he burst into tears, and would have fled from the school had he not been restrained by the master. A schoolfellow of Byron's had a very small Shetland pony, which his father had bought him, and one day they were riding and walking by turns, to the banks of the Don, to bathe. When they came to the bridge, over that dark, romantic stream, Byron bethought him of the prophecy which he incorrectly quotes (from memory, it is true), in one of his latter cantos of *Don Juan*:—

> "Brig o' Balgownie! wight's thy wa'
> Wi' a wife's ae son, and a mare's ae foal,
> Down shalt thou fa'."

He immediately stopped his companion, who was then riding, and asked him if he remembered the prophecy, saying, that as they were both only sons, and as the pony *might* be "a mare's ae foal," he would rather ride over first, because he had only a mother to lament him should the prophecy be fulfilled by the falling of the bridge, whereas the other had both a father and a mother to grieve after him.

As we said at the outset of this imperfect article, these are but trifling reminiscenses of so great a man as he ultimately turned out to be, triumphing first over the defects and impediments of nature, and lastly over the cant, the hypocrisy, and the malignity of mankind; but their recollection is dear to the relater of them. From the time of his leaving Aberdeen, in 1798, except twice in Parliament, the writer of this article never saw his early friend and beloved schoolfellow; but, from the character of his mind, even at that early age, he was assured that in all he undertook in after life, he would be, if it at all depended upon himself, *aut Cæsar, aut nullus.*

To the Count Gamba.

While the precious life of the illustrious Lord Byron seems in danger, the Government prays for his recovery, and unites its vows to those of all the inhabitants of Greece, in behalf of their generous benefactor. But, being convinced that you, sir, are the individual the most nearly connected with him, enjoying his confidence, directing his affairs, and watching over his interests, it requests you, should any misfortune happen to him (which God avert!) immediately to advise it, in order that it may adopt, in concert with you, the necessary measures for the safety of his property.

(Signed) A. Maurocordato.
T. Praidi, Secretary.

Dated Missolonghi, April 7 (19), 1824.

To Mr. Nicholas Luriottis, Spiros Rassi, Giovanni Tombacacchi, to act in concert with the Count Gamba and Captain

Parry, and to seal up all the effects of the deceased Lord Byron.

(Signed) A. Maurocordato.
T. Praidi, Secretary.

Copy of the Protocol.—Missolonghi, April 8 (20), 1824.
G. Praidi, Secretary.

The Last Moments of Lord Byron.

We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness; it is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than 20 years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies: the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of an humble, but an affectionate friend; memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances, have played him false; and some thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole :—

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet, and on his return home, his lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache. This did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it made him worse. His lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive on the next morning that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His lordship's appetite was

also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed about my master. In all his former colds, he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th. On the following day, I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas; after expressing my fears lest his lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors, which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days. Here I should remark, that his lordship repeatedly said in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, "Then, my lord, have other advice by all means.' 'They tell me,' said his lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint; concluding that as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain; indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth, at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being an intention of bleeding his lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood: the latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day. And

accordingly my master was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say that he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante, upon which I was informed for the first time that it would be of no use, as my master would be better or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His lordship continued to get worse, but Dr. Bruno said he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes; to this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder, and then stretching out his arm, said 'Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His lordship continued to get weaker; on the 17th he was bled twice—in the morning and at two in the afternoon; the bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once had I not caught him in my arms; in order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his lordship stir without supporting him; on this day my master said to me twice, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week: I know,' added his lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad without anyone being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying; I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave your lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto which had hitherto been kept at his bedside in the night. On the 18th his lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease; write yourself, for I know he would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing

Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years, to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh, my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention.' His lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence; he then continued—'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say——tell her everything—you are friends with her.' His lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.' Here I told his lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he had said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all his lost! for it is now too late—can it be possible you have not understood me? 'No, my lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try——.' His lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only re-

peat two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes;' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate, it was impossible to understand anything his lordship said, after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry? To which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and, apparently, sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down, never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'"—*Westminster Review*, 1824.

Last Moments of Lord Byron.

Dr. Bruno has sent us the following contradiction of portions of the statement we copied last Sunday from *The Westminster Review*, respecting the medical treatment of Lord Byron. As the *Review* itself cannot notice Dr. Bruno's statement for three months—and as we contributed to the circulation of the particulars which he denies or explains, we think

ourselves bound to give it immediate insertion; and we shall be equally open to any further statements on the subject, either from the editor of *The Westminster Review*, or from his avowed informant, Mr. Fletcher. We translate from the doctor's French:—

ANSWER TO THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, RESPECTING THE LAST MOMENTS OF LORD BYRON.

"Mr. Fletcher has omitted to state, that on the second day of Lord Byron's illness, his physician, Dr. Bruno, seeing the sudorific medicines had no effect, proposed blood-letting; and that his lordship refused to allow it, and caused Mr. Millingen to be sent for, in order to consult with his physician, and see if the rheumatic fever could not be cured without the loss of blood.

"Mr. Millingen approved of the medicines previously prescribed by Dr. Bruno, and was not opposed to the opinion that bleeding was necessary; but he said to his lordship that it might be deferred till the next day. He held this language for three successive days; while the other physician (Dr. Bruno) every day threatened Lord Byron that he would die by his obstinacy in not allowing himself to be bled. His lordship always answered, 'You wish to get the reputation of curing my disease; that is why you tell me it is so serious; but I will not permit you to bleed me.'

"After the first consultation with Mr. Millingen, the domestic, Fletcher, asked Dr. Bruno how his lordship's complaint was going on? The physician replied, that if he would allow the bleeding, he would be cured in a few days. But the surgeon, Mr. Millingen, assured Lord Byron, from day to day, that it could wait till 'to-morrow;' and thus four days slipped away, during which the disease, for want of blood-letting, grew much worse. At length Mr. Millingen, seeing that the prognostications which Dr. Bruno had made respecting Lord Byron's malady, were more and more confirmed, urged the necessity of bleeding, and of no longer delaying it a moment. This caused Lord Byron, disgusted at finding that he could not be cured without loss of blood, to say, that it seemed to him that the doctors did not understand his malady. He then had a man sent to Zante to fetch Dr. Thomas. Mr. Fletcher having mentioned this to Dr. Bruno, the latter observed, that if his lordship would consent to lose as much blood as was neces-

sary, he would answer for his cure; but that if he delayed any longer, or did not entirely follow his advice, Dr. Thomas would not arrive in time. In fact, when Dr. T. was ready to set out from Zante, Lord Byron was dead.

"The pistols and stiletto were removed from his lordship's bed, not by Fletcher, but by the servant Tita, who was the only person that constantly waited on Lord Byron in his illness, and who had been advised to take this precaution by Dr. Bruno, the latter having perceived that my lord had moments of delirium.

"Two days before the death, a consultation was held with three other doctors, who appeared to think that his lordship's disease was changing from inflammatory diathesis to languid; and they ordered 'china,'* opium, and ammonia.

"Dr. Bruno opposed this with the greatest warmth, and pointed out to them that the symptoms were those, not of an alteration in the disease, but of the fever flying to the brain, which was violently attacked by it; and that the wine, the china, and the stimulants, would kill Lord Byron more speedily than the complaint itself could; while on the other hand, by copious bleedings, and the medicines that had been taken before, he might yet be saved. The other physicians, however, were of a different opinion; and it was then that Dr. Bruno declared to his colleagues, that he would have no further responsibility for the loss of Lord Byron, which he pronounced inevitable, if the china were given him. In effect, after my lord had taken the tincture, with some grains of carbonate of ammonia, he was seized by convulsions. Soon afterwards they gave him a cup of very strong decoction of china, with some drops of laudanum; and he instantly fell into a deep lethargic sleep, from which he never rose.

"The opening of the body discovered the brain in a state of the highest inflammation; and all the six physicians who were present at the opening, were convinced that my lord would have been saved by the bleeding, which his physician, Dr. Bruno, had advised from the beginning with the most pressing urgency and the greatest firmness.—F. B."

Examiner, 1824.

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* This is a French term, sometimes used for the smilax china, but we have no doubt it means here the Jesuit's bark.

[EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM LEGHORN, JUNE 12, 1824].

"I received a letter from T * * *, of the 10th April, dated Zante. I send you a few lines from it relative to Lord Byron's death, which has cast a veil of sorrow over all literary Europe.

"I had been some months absent from him, engaged in the war, and was, by his desire, returning to join him at Missolonghi, when an express reached me to say that he was seriously ill. I hurried on that day and night in vain, for, on my arrival at Missolonghi, I found him dead! He was taken ill on the 10th of March—a fever like mine or the Marrama (ague and inflammation). He refused to listen to the advice of his doctors, and resisted the only means of recovery, to be blooded! The fever rapidly augmented, still he considered himself not in danger. The hot and fermented blood mounted to his head—on the fifth day he was bled, too late!—he became aware of his danger, but again too late, for he was almost immediately after deprived of speech, and the loss of his gigantic mind followed. From the 16th, when he was blooded, till the 19th when he died, he was delirious, muttered many unconnected sentences, broken words and wishes, but nothing that could be clearly defined or noted. He died perfectly fearless, without the slightest indication of weakness, and all his disjointed sentences gave token of this. From six in the morning of the 18th till six in the evening of the 19th, he never stirred hand or foot, or showed the least sign of life, except low quick breathing—he then opened his eyes and closed them instantly for ever.

"Having left no directions on the point of his funeral, I consented to the wishes of his friends and household, to have his body conserved in spirits, and sent to England. I accompanied it to this island, to procure a vessel, when General Adam, Lord Sidney Osborne, and Sir Frederick Stoven, plotted together, not to allow the body to be sent to England, but even to inter it here in their ill-governed island, that he abhorred. To thus obscurely shove him into a hole, like a dog, I opposed with all my might, as did those interested in his fame. Our expostulations and representations, with the fear of general execration, obliged them to give up their point. We chartered an English brig to convey the corpse to England.

"So you see we have got the loan, and everything will go on swimmingly, and it will, I hope, seal the freedom of Greece.

All goes on well. A little discord—but that is nothing. We are preparing for an active campaign—no boys' play here, I can tell you. I have already been engaged, both on horse and foot, dressed as an Albanian. I am hand and hand with Ulysses, the bravest and best of their generals, with him I served the last winter. I hurry back to Missolonghi, to-day, thence to Argos, there to rejoin him. The Turks are making desperate efforts. The plague (thank God !) is their general. We have no fear of the event. The civil war on the Morea is accommodated.

"As T * * * will write to me again soon, should anything occur worth transmitting, you shall have it.

"Ever your obliged friend."

Dissection of Lord Byron's Body.

We have received a series of the *Telegrapho Greco*, published at Missolonghi, to the 16th May. The articles of chief interest which they contain are the following, relative to the late Lord Byron :—

"Missolonghi, May 2.—The clergy proceeded in a body this day to the house where the remains of Lord Byron laid, in order to take into their keeping, and remove it to the church of San Spiridion, the heart, brains, &c., of the deceased, which had been left to the care of the City of Missolonghi. The city made a solemn request to Count Gamba (the friend of Lord Byron) for permission to erect a monument to their benefactor and illustrious fellow-citizen. His lordship had already accepted the freedom of the city. Count Gamba felt it his duty to deposit his noble friend's remains in the care of the city until they might be reclaimed by his relatives.

"Two chests were prepared for the occasion, and after being examined were sealed by the magistrates. In one of them was contained the body, and in the other the heart and brains of the noble defunct. They were removed by four officers of his brigade to the bark which transported them to Basiladi, and thence into a larger vessel to be conveyed to Zante. The whole of the noble lord's brigade was drawn out in front of his late residence, and along the shore of the sea. The convoy was accompanied by the Prince A. Maurocordati, the primates, the military commandants, and an immense concourse

of people, whose countenance and manner bore testimony to their sorrow at taking this last farewell of their benefactor and fellow-citizen. As soon as the corpse was removed to the bark, it was saluted by discharges of musketry and artillery. The cannon of his brigade, drawn up along the coast, saluted with twenty-five minute guns; nine were discharged from the battery, and three from the fort of Basiladi, making in all thirty-seven, the number of years the noble defunct had lived. What a melancholy contrast to the joyous salutes which four months previous had hailed his arrival in Missolonghi? One consolation, however, remains; the good he has effected will not be lost; the seeds he has sown with such alacrity and industry, for the benefit of Greece, will yet produce a noble harvest. The most glorious monument which can be raised to him, will be the feelings of gratitude and love, which remain stamped in the heart of every Greek, and every friend of humanity.

"In the bark which transported the noble lord's remains to Zante were his friend Count Gamba, two other officers of his brigade, Captain and Adjutant Hesketh, Lieutenant Winter; his private physician, Dr. Brown; his faithful valet, Fletcher, who had served him more than twenty years; and his domestic, Batista Fulcciere. In two other barks followed his horses and all his effects, under the care of his secretary, Signor Lega Zambelli. The government sent likewise two gunboats to accompany them.

"The following account of the opening of Lord Byron's body, and the appearances it exhibited, is given by the professional gentleman to whom that office was entrusted.

"1. The bones of the head were found to be excessively hard, and the skull was without the slightest sign of *suture*, like that of an octogenarian. It might have been said to consist of a single bone without *deploes*.

"2. The *dura meninge* was so firmly attached to the internal surface of the cranium, that it required the repeated exertions of two strong men to separate the outer bones from it. The vessels of this membrane were greatly distended and completely full, and it was united to the *pia mater* in different parts, by some membraneous filaments.

"3. Between the *pia meninge* and the furrows of the brain, a great many bubbles of air were found, with drops of lymph adhering in several places to the *pia meninge*.

"4. The grand *falx* of the brain was crossed with membraneous filaments, which attached it firmly to both the hemispheres; it was likewise extremely full of blood.

"5. The *cerebral medulla* was full of minute blood-vessels, of a bright red colour, and very much swollen. Under the *pons varolius*, at the base of the hemisphere, in the two superior or lateral ventricles, there was found an extravasation of about two ounces of bloody serum; and at the bottom of the *cerebellum* there was a similar expansion, the effects of a severe inflammation of the brain.

"6. The medullary substance was in much greater proportion than is common in the *cortex*, and was very firm and consistent. The *cerebrum* and *cerebellum*, without any of the integuments, weighed about six medical pounds.

"7. The impressions or furrows of the blood-vessels, in the internal part of the skull bones, though small, were much more numerous than usual.

"8. The lungs were very fine, perfectly sound, but large, to a size almost gigantic.

"9. Between the *pericardium* and the heart there was an ounce of lymphatic water. The heart was more ample and voluminous than ordinary, but its muscular substance was very relaxed and fibreless.

"10. The liver was smaller than the natural size, as were likewise the biliary vessels, which, instead of bile, contained air. The intestines were distended with air, and of a deep yellow colour.

"11. The veins were very large and healthy, and the urinary vessels comparatively small."

From this examination it was unanimously concluded by the medical gentlemen who attended it, that if Lord Byron, from the commencement of his illness had consented to a little loss of blood, as his private physician repeatedly advised, or even if at a more advanced stage of the disorder he had yielded to the pressing solicitations of his medical advisers, to allow a copious bleeding, his lordship would not have fallen a victim to this attack. From the statements marked 1, 8, 9, it may be confidently asserted that his lordship could not have lived many years, from his extreme susceptibility of disease, either through the strength of his passions, his excessive occupations, or even through his utter disregard of all the necessary means to prevent the effects of constipation.—*Morning Chronicle, July 15th*, 1824.

Lord Byron's Memoirs.

The public will know how to appreciate the loss they have sustained in the destruction of the auto-biography of the greatest poet of the age. We copy from *The Times* of yesterday the account of an event to which we own we cannot easily reconcile ourselves, premising, however, that the work was not sold to Mr. Murray, but deposited in his hands as a security for a sum advanced to Mr. Moore, which was not two thousand pounds but two thousand guineas. The MS. was placed by Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, by whose wish it was immediately and entirely burned. Mr. Moore, at the same time, paying back to Mr. Murray the two thousand guineas he had received upon the manuscript:—

"The Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself, are lost to the world for ever. This posthumous record of the deceased nobleman had been deposited, as our readers may have informed themselves, in the keeping of Mr. Thomas Moore, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. This gentleman, with the consent and at the desire of Lord Byron, had long ago sold or pledged the manuscript to Mr. Murray, for the large sum of 2000*l.* Since the death of Lord Byron, it occurred to the sensitive and honourable mind of Mr. Moore, that, by possibility, although the noble author himself had given full authority for a disclosure of the document, some of his family might be wounded or shocked by it. He appointed, therefore, a time for meeting a near connexion of the noble lord (not Lady Byron), and after a deliberate and joint perusal of the work, finding that this lady apprehended from it much pain to the minds of many persons still living, though no sort of imputation on her brother's memory, Mr. Moore, with a spirit and generosity which the better part of mankind will be at no loss to appreciate, placed the manuscript in the lady's hands, and permitted her to *burn it* in his presence! This sacrifice of self-interest to lofty feeling was made the day before yesterday, and the next morning the 2000*l.* was repaid to Mr. Murray, by Lord Byron's self-destituted legatee. The last words of that nobleman, before the delirium which seized his powerful mind within three days of his death, were, "I wish it to be known that my last thoughts were given to *my wife*, *my child*, and *my sister*."—*Times*, *May 20th*, 1824.

Lord Byron's Will.

On Thursday the remains of his lordship arrived at the Nore, from Greece, in a vessel chartered for that purpose; and the intelligence being given to his lordship's executors, they immediately repaired to the place to take the charge of it, but to prevent any demur, from want of legal authority to receive it, they previously proved his lordship's will. This important document bears the date of 29th of July, 1815, just six months after his lordship's marriage with the heiress of the houses of Milbanke and Noel, and when his lady was *enciente* of his only issue. He devises certain real estates at Rochdale and elsewhere, to his friends, John Cam Hobhouse, late of Trinity College, Cambridge, Esq., and John Hanson, of Chancery Lane, London, Esq., in trust, for sale, and the money arising therefrom, together with such part of his other property, as was not settled by his marriage settlement, on Lady Byron and her children, he directs to be in trust for his only sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, for her life, for her own separate and exclusive benefit, and, after her decease, the principal to go to her children, of which there are eight. And his lordship declares that he made such provision for his sister and her children, in consequence of his dear wife, Lady Byron, and any children he might have, being otherwise amply provided for. His lordship appoints Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Henson, his executors, to each of whom he bequeaths a legacy of one thousand pounds.

There is also a short codicil accompanying the will, made in Nov. 1818, when he was at Venice, providing for a certain object, but which by subsequent events becomes inoperative. The property which will thus pass to Mrs. Leigh and her numerous family, exclusive of the large revenue which must ultimately arise from his great works, will be very considerable. Lady Byron, we have authority to state, has most liberally bestowed her jointure of 2000*l.* a year, which she took out of his lordship's property under his marriage settlement, to Captain George Anson Byron, of the Royal Navy, who succeeds to the family honours—a proof, at least, that his lordship calculated justly on her ladyship's approval of his own dispositions to the female branch of his family equally unprovided for.—*Morning Chronicle, July 4th*, 1824.

On Monday the remains of this great man were removed from the vessel that brought them from the land of his sacrifice to his native country, to a temporary depository in Great George Street, Westminster, until the wishes of his family were ascertained as to his future destination. That it should be the wish of many of his lordship's friends that he should be entombed in Westminster Abbey is natural, for to that mausoleum he had a high and paramount claim; but in death, feelings of ostentation become allayed, and the tomb of his ancestry is the *Requiem in Pace* to be preferred. His lordship's remains are to be taken to the family vault at Hucknall Torkard, near Newstead Abbey, in Nottinghamshire, where a long race of his ancestry, who rendered services to their country, lie interred, and the procession will start on Monday next.—*Morning Chronicle, July 8th*, 1824.

——————————— I went to look
On Byron's awful *manes*;—'twas a sight
Which all my spirit to its centre shook—
Grand, glorious, passion-moving, still—the blight
Of death was there; but who could bear or brook
Such a sun, clouded in so dark a night?
Not I—I gazed upon his fearful sleep,
And tried to weep; but O! I could not weep.

Yet he was pale and ghastly!—nought was left,
But that high intellectual forehead, crown'd
With a few dark grey hairs—his lips bereft
Of all their bitter scorns!—his eyelids bound
In mists, and all his glories chilled and cleft—
For solitude and gloom were gathered round—
Save that poor pageantry and vain parade,
Which the dull gloominess far gloomier made.

I turned away—my heart was sick—even now
His shade pursues me in my dreams;—I know
That he had evil in him—but to bow
To tyrants—but to fawn upon the foe
Of Freedom—but to proffer up a vow,
For aught but man's most sacred interests——No!
This Byron never did. Ye slanderers tell
If ye have served the cause of man so well!

I watched him when his light was like the gleaming
Of a gay tremulous meteor o'er the sea—
I watched him when his noontide rays were streaming
In all their lustre from Thermopylæ.

I could have then adored him—almost deeming
He was a re-awakened Deity,
Out of the sacred tombs that Greece has reared
To names—whose shadows now have re-appeared.

'Twas there he died—fit grave !—and there his form
Shall oft walk forth, when o'er Parnassus' head
There gathers from the clouds some awful storm,
He shall be seen, in white-robed garb to tread !
And breathing eloquent sounds, to wake and warm
The heroic Greek ; and for the patriot dead,
Shall chaunt a hymn of liberty !—as when
His fire-touch'd harp was heard by mortal men !—J. B.

Morning Chronicle, July 15th, 1824.

Funeral of Lord Byron.

The remains of Lord Byron were yesterday morning removed from the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Great George Street, Westminster, on their way towards the place appointed for their final resting-place.

The ceremony of lying in state closed on Saturday last; but during Sunday the Misses Hanson, the Misses Hobhouse, and other private friends of the executors, were permitted to see the coffin, which had been previously screwed down.

Yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, the undertaker and assistants arrived at the house, and commenced the necessary arrangements for the funeral procession. The crowd assembled in front of Sir Edward's house, and along the whole line through which the melancholy cavalcade passed was immense. The room, in which the body lay, was still illuminated with wax lights. The coffin was covered with a splendid pall of black velvet, trimmed with white satin, and decorated with the arms of the deceased. At the head of the coffin was placed, upon a separate supporter, a large square case, richly covered and ornamented to correspond with the coffin, containing four earthen urns, of Grecian workmanship, in which were deposited, at Missolonghi, the heart, brains, &c., of the deceased. Near the coffin, on the ground, was an escutcheon, which was painted on wood in Greece, and there displayed when the body of Lord Byron lay in state at Missolonghi. The crest on this escutcheon is a stag, but the real family crest, and which is

preserved on the armorial bearings upon the coffin, is a mermaid. Large black plumes were placed on the coffin, and the coronet, on a crimson velvet cushion, stood on the case, containing the heart, &c. The carriages, appointed to form the procession, assembled in front of the sessions house, and at a given signal were brought round to the door. Everything being in readiness, the whole moved on in the order already described. After the hearse came five mourning carriages, each drawn by four horses. The first carriage contained Col. Leigh, Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Hanson.

The second carriage, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, the Hon. A. Ellis, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr. Bruce.

The third, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Thomas Campbell, Mr. Rogers, M. Orlando, Deputy from Greece, and Col. Stanhope.

The fourth, Dr. O'Meara, Mr. Holmes, and Dr. Francesco Bruno.

The fifth, the domestics of his lordship, including George Babba Fallier Cacciatore, the body guard, who is a Greek of uncommon personal beauty; his hair is jet black, and he wears large moustaches and whiskers, the latter coming completely under his chin. This man, we understand, was much attached to his noble master, and expresses the deepest grief for his loss; he remained close to the body during the whole of the voyage home; he was dressed this day in a plain suit of black livery.

After the mourning coaches followed nearly a hundred carriages, sent as a mark of respect by the friends and admirers of the deceased. Among others we noticed those of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Carlisle, Earl Grey, Earl Tankerville, Earl Jersey, Earl Cowper, Lord Holland, Lord Alvanley, Lord Melbourne, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Mr. Farquharson, Mr. Hume, M.P., the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, the Hon. A. Ellis, M.P., Mr. Murray, Mr. B. Beaumont, Mr. R. Williams, &c.

The procession took the following route: Parliament Street, Cockspur Street, Haymarket, Coventry Street, Princes Street, Gerrard Street, Dean Street, Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, to St. James's Chapel, Hampstead Road; and here it stopped for a short time to prepare for the more extended journey. At this spot, too, those gentlemen who were not to take part in the ceremony at Newstead Abbey, took their de-

parture, as did those carriages which had followed as a mark of respect.

By one o'clock, the cavalcade, in its reduced state, and deprived of its feathered decorations, which were packed up for the journey, proceeded at a quicker rate, passing through Camden Town, Kentish Town, and by the great north road to Welwyn, where it stopped for the night.

This day the journey will be resumed, and continued to Higham Ferrers; the next day to Oakham: and on Thursday to Nottingham. On Friday the body will be removed from Nottingham with renewed state and splendour to the vault in which it is to be placed.

At the New Road, and the different points of communication near the Pancras turnpike, there were assembled large bodies of people, who fell into the procession with that silent and orderly demeanour which evinced more than the ordinary curiosity of a crowd, and bespoke a sympathy suited to the solemn occasion, and the public respect which was due to the memory of Lord Byron. The funeral procession, after passing through the turnpike, moved at a quicker rate, but the crowd seemed still anxious to accompany its progress.

A fine looking honest tar was observed to walk near the hearse, uncovered, throughout the morning; and on being asked by a stranger whether he formed any part of the funeral *cortege*, he replied that he came there to pay his respect to the deceased, with whom he had served for two years and a half in the Levant, when he made his tour of the Grecian Islands. This poor fellow was kindly offered a place by some of the servants who were behind carriages, but he said he was strong, and had rather walk near the hearse.

It was stated in some of the evening papers that the present Lord Byron was in one of the mourning coaches. His lordship, we understand, was not at the funeral. The father of Lady Byron was also absent.

The executors, we understand, applied to Lady Byron, with a view to ascertain if she had any wish to see the body of her deceased husband. Her ladyship answered in the negative.

It was remarked as singular that not one Tory of consequence was present at the funeral. We offer no observations on this ungenerous refusal to bury party rancour in the tomb of genius. The French have their faults; but injustice towards departed genius is not one of them. We are satisfied that if

any priestling had attempted in Paris to raise himself into distinction by an insult to one of the first ornaments of their literature, before even the last honours were paid to the remains, a general burst of indignation would soon have reduced him to silence.

Funeral of Lord Byron.

The last sad rites to the illustrious dead were performed upon the remains of this great poet and patriot, at four o'clock on Friday evening last, in the family vault of the little church of Hucknall, in Nottinghamshire, close to the ancient demesne of the Byrons, who held Newstead Abbey for centuries. From this ancient seat of Lord Byron's family, in which he spent many years of his youth, and where he is well remembered by the surrounding tenantry for the juvenile gambols in which he indulged; from this ancient seat, which was originally a small priory, founded by King Henry the Second, and given by King Henry the Eighth to Sir John Byron, whose descendants received the peerage for their loyalty and sufferings in the time of King Charles the First, the sad procession could be seen moving slowly to a dilapidated village church, where, in a small and mouldering vault, were to be deposited the remains of the greatest poet of our age. It is only to give rank and genius the benefit of what rank and genius deserve to record, that from the time the funeral procession of Lord Byron left the immediate vicinity of London, the men of rank and genius who did honour to themselves by forming the head of the procession through Westminster, were no more seen following the hearse, neither was their place supplied along the line of road for 120 miles, which was crowded with the seats of personages of rank and fortune, by even the temporary appearance of a carriage to escort as far as the boundary of a private demesne, the body as it was borne through. What the richer ranks failed to supply, the middling and the lower classes hastened to offer. Through all the villages crowds flocked round the hearse; and every demonstration of respect and feeling was paid by these classes; the village bells tolled the "passing knell;" and wherever the funeral stopped, the greatest anxiety was exhibited to manifest every attention and

respect. The arrangements for the funeral were so complete, under the superintendence of Mr. Woodenson and Mr. Toovey of Holborn, who assisted him, that no impediment whatever was encountered in the accommodations on the road; and the body lay in something like state each night where the funeral halted. After the procession left London, the cavalcade halted the first night at Welwyn, the second at Higham Ferrers, and on Wednesday night at Oakham.

The remains of this much lamented nobleman arrived at Nottingham, at five o'clock on Friday morning. A large concourse of people were assembled at the south end of the town, which rapidly increased to thousands as the procession moved along Fishergate, Cartergate, Hookley, and up Carlton Street, on its way to the Blackmoor's Head Inn, at the bottom of Pelham Street.

The hearse, followed by the mourning coaches, having entered the yard, the gates were instantly shut. The coffin was then taken out of the hearse, and the case or urn out of the first mourning coach, and carried into the room at the north-west corner of the yard. This room was hung with black, and three escutcheons of the Byron's arms were fixed on each of the four walls of the room. The coffin, as above described, was mounted on trestles in the centre, with the case for the heart, &c., at the head; six very large wax candles were placed round the coffin, and a few other lights being fixed in the room, the public were admitted, by about twenty at once, to walk round and out again; but such was the pressure and anxiety to see the spectacle, that a very large body of constables were necessary to clear the way, and to keep anything like a clear ingress and egress. Many thousands were thus admitted in the course of Friday morning.

Early on Friday morning, the greatest bustle pervaded the town of Nottingham. The mayor and corporation having resolved at a town council, held for the purpose, to attend the funeral as mourners, the whole distance to Hucknall (eight miles), provided the executors allowed them, and they having, with many expressions of thanks, assented to receive so flattering a mark of corporate respect to the illustrious dead, the mayor and corporation, at ten o'clock, assembled in mourning coaches, to form in the line of the funeral procession; at that hour (ten o'clock Friday morning) the crowds in the market-place were immense, the house tops and windows covered and

filled to excess, and the great bulk of the population attired in mourning. Notwithstanding such a congregation, the greatest order was maintained, and the presence of such a body of Englishmen, spontaneously assembling to pay homage to the deceased nobleman, conferred an honour which no pageant that mere rank and wealth could furnish could supply. The mayor and corporation of Nottingham, who did themselves such honour on this solemn occasion, appeared in full mourning, with scarfs, hatbands, &c., in coaches and six.

The Funeral.

All being arranged, at a quarter before eleven o'clock, the hearse, adorned with twelve large sable plumes, drawn by six beautiful black horses, each having a plume of feathers on the head, was ordered to the front of the Blackmoor's Head Inn, for the purpose of receiving the body of his lordship, which, on being brought out, and placed therein, the first mourning coach and six came up, in which was put the urn containing the heart, &c., covered with a rich black silk velvet pall, ornamented with escutcheons of the Byron arms on a white ground. These preliminaries having been performed, the procession soon began to move in the following order :—

Two Constables, on horseback.
Two Bailiffs, on horseback.
Mr. Woodenson, the Undertaker, on horseback.
Two Cloakmen, on horseback.
Twenty-six of Lord Rancliffe's Tenants, on horseback, two and two.
Two Mutes, on horseback,
A large Plume of black Feathers, carried on a man's head, with two supporters, on foot.
Four Cloakmen, on horseback, two and two.
The State Horse, richly caparisoned, and led by two Pages, the Rider carrying on his arms the Coronet of the deceased Lord on a crimson velvet cushion, ornamented with gold tassels and fringe.
The Hearse, containing the BODY, as before described,
Mourning Coach and Six, with the Urn, containing the Heart.
Mourning Coach and Six, containing, as Chief Mourners, Colonel Leigh, Colonel Wildman, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., M.P., and John Hanson, Esq.

Mourning Coach and Six, with the late Lord Byron's Household, who were chiefly Foreigners.

Mourning Coach and Six, containing the Mayor and two Aldermen of the Corporation of Nottingham, attended by three of their servants in full mourning.

Mourning Coach and Six, containing the Sheriff, Town Clerk, and the remainder of the Deputation from the Corporate Body, attended by three servants in full mourning.

The Right Honourable Lord Rancliffe's carriage, with his Lordship therein.

William Sherbrooke, Esq.'s carriage, closed.

Colonel Wildman's carriage, containing the Pall-bearers, Messrs. Edw. Staveley, Alfred Thomas Fellows, Jonathan Dunn, Charles Heywood Homer, James Fellows, and Benwell Smith.

A Chaise, with Messrs. H. M. Wood and John Crackle.

A Private Carriage.

About forty Gentlemen, on horseback, two and two.

The procession moved down Smithy Row, across the Market Place, up Chapel Bar, along Parliament Street, up Milton Street, and the Mansfield Road, to Papplewick Lane, near the seventh mile-stone, then to Papplewick and Hucknall Torkard. The great body of the people on foot, comprising many thousands, followed to the outskirts of the liberties of the town, and then the greater part of them halted; a few followed all the way, and the number increased greatly, when the procession passed through the villages contiguous to the place of interment.

HUCKNALL CHURCH AND THE FAMILY VAULT.

At Hucknall, and the villages leading thereto, the utmost anxiety was manifested to learn which way the funeral would come, and vast numbers were assembled on the road sides, eager to catch the least scintillation of intelligence upon a matter in which all seemed deeply interested, and much disappointment was felt at the procession not coming through Basford and Bulwell, as had been expected. The doors of Hucknall church were thrown wide open, and great numbers of persons were there at an early hour, going in and out all the morning, and inspecting the vault which was to be the last resting place of the noble lord. The vault is but small, and will not hold more than three coffins abreast upon the floor.

Those which were already there, spoke loudly of the vanity of worldly grandeur. Scarcely a bit of wood or velvet was visible. Nothing but six or seven leaden coffins remained of all the grandeur which had been deposited in that lonely habitation; the most legible inscription is that of the Hon. Catherine Gordon Byron, mother of him whose wishes were this day fulfilled, where he said, speaking of the noble deeds of his ancestors—

"Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

Although she was interred so recently, only fourteen years ago, yet the wood is quite decayed, and nothing is visible but the leaden coffin and the plate.

The only remembrance of the family of the Byrons, in Hucknall church, is a neat mural monument, in white marble, affixed to the walls, at the north-side of the communion table. The inscription thereon is as follows :—

Beneath in a Vault
lies interred the body of RICHARD LORD BYRON,
who, with the rest of his Family, being seven Brothers,
Faithfully served King Charles the First in the Civil Wars,
who suffered much for their loyalty,
and lost all their present fortunes;
yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours
of the said Richard Lord Byron,
that he repurchased part of their ancient inheritance,
which he left to his posterity,
with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity:
he departed this life upon the 4th day of October,
An. Dom. 1679, in the 74th year of his age.
In the same Vault is interred the Lady Elizabeth,
his first wife, Daughter of George Russell, Esq.,
by whom he had 10 children,
and ye Lady Elizabeth his 2d wife, Daughter
to Sir George Booth, Knt. and Baronet,
who appoynted this monument
to be erected
to the memory of her dear husband,
and for her great piety and goodness,
acquired a name better than that
of Sons and Daughters.

The following are all the inscriptions now legible on the leaden coffins in the vault:—

Here lieth the body of Lady Elizabeth Byron, first wife of the Lord Richard Byron, who died the 22d March, 1617.

Here lieth the body of the Lord Richard Byron, who died the 4th of October, 1679.

The body of the Right Hon. the Lady Mary Egerton, eldest daughter of John Earl of Bridgewater, and wife of the Right Hon. William Lord Byron, who died the 10th April, 1703, in the 27th year of her age.

William Lord Byron, Obit May 21, 1798, aged 75.

The Hon. Catherine Gordon, of Gight, mother of George Lord Byron, and lineal descendant of the Earl of Huntley and the Lady Jean Stuart, daughter of King James the First of Scotland, Obiit in the 46th year of her age, Aug. 1, 1811.

Early in the day all the necessary arrangements were made upon a suitable scale, for making the interior of this small church, suited to the solemnity which was to be performed within its white-washed walls.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL.

At half-past eleven o'clock, a number of the undertaker's men arrived, and immediately began to clothe the pulpit and reading desk with the sable array which is considered indispensably necessary at funerals like this. A large seat next to the pulpit, together with the communion table and rails, were also covered with black cloth. An escutcheon of the arms, with the motto, "*Crede Byron*," underneath, was hung in front of the pulpit, below the cushion. All these preparations were finished by half-past one, at which hour the minute bell began to toll. By this time many respectable individuals came into the church, and having chosen seats for themselves, waited with invincible patience until half-past three o'clock, when the procession was discerned from the church windows. A general movement took place; the whole village was alive to the interesting scene, and in a few minutes the hearse drew up slowly to the gate.

A general rush took place towards the doors to witness the removal of the body and urn from the hearse, and to see the mourners in attendance. At eighteen minutes to four o'clock

the splendid but mournful procession began to enter the church, the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Nixon, taking the lead. The body and urn being brought in, and placed on two trestles fixed in the aisle, the mourners passed to the seats prepared for them. The coronet and cushion were then placed upon the case containing the urn, and upon the coffin was placed the noble plume of sable feathers.

The mayor and corporation of Nottingham took their seats in the pew provided for them near the vault, and the chief mourners sat in the adjoining seat.

The Rev. Mr. Nixon, the vicar, clothed in his white surplice, then read a part of the beautiful service of the Church of England; and at four minutes to four the attendants removed the coffin and urn into the vault. Here the bearer of the coronet and cushion placed himself at the entrance, holding the proud emblem of nobility in his arms, while the vicar, from the communion rails, read the remainder of the service. While this last act of devotion was performing, the mourners advanced to the head of the steps conducting to the vault. Mr. Hobhouse appeared much affected, and intent upon seeing the coffin deposited with the utmost care next that of the last Lady Byron. All the mourners were deeply affected, and the domestics of Lord Byron, particularly Fletcher, who had been above twenty years in his service, were overpowered with grief. The last sad arrangements were completed at ten minutes past four o'clock, and in five minutes after the vault was closed and the procession left the church. Mr. Hanson immediately set out for London, and Mr. Hobhouse returned with Lord Rancliffe to his seat at Bonny. The executors and Colonel Leigh arrived at Nottingham on Thursday night to rejoin the funeral.

Lord Byron.

The name of Byron is immortalized by the splendour of his genius and the transcendant beauty of his poetical compositions, no less than by his ardent love of liberty, which led him to volunteer his services, his purse and his person, and to yield his dying breath in the cause of the Greeks. It is no

wonder, therefore, that the spot of ground that contains the dear deposit of his body should be visited by many who honour his name, and are desirous of paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Some of those distinguished foreigners who had the happiness of being acquainted with him in other countries, have, on their arrival in Britain, with eager haste sought for his grave, kneeled upon his tomb, and bedewed the hallowed ground with their tears. But these have not been alone in their mourning—many of his countrymen who have read his works, have felt their souls inspired by the ever-living fire which pervades his writings, and acknowledging the triumphs of his mighty pen, in the use of which he had no compeer, they have also paid their silent homage at his last earthly resting place. Amongst these, a stranger, whose name we know not; presented himself at Hucknall, in July last, a few days before the monumental inscription to the memory of Lord Byron was fixed in its destined place. The stranger enquired of the clerk of the church whether there was not a book in which strangers who visited the tomb of this great man might inscribe their names; and on finding there was no such record, he promised to send one, and in a few days afterwards that promise was fulfilled. The clerk of the parish has been so obliging as to show us the book: it is a small octavo, very neatly bound, and in the first three pages is an inscription and a few stanzas, which we have copied below. There are many blank pages to receive the names of visitors, and there are some very respectable names, both of Englishmen and foreigners already inscribed; but the stranger who furnished the book has not given his name, neither have we any key to it further than the initials, "J. B."

TO THE IMMORTAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS FAME OF
LORD BYRON,
THE FIRST POET OF THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED,
THESE TRIBUTES,
WEAK AND UNWORTHY OF HIM, BUT IN THEMSELVES SINCERE,
ARE INSCRIBED WITH THE DEEPEST REVERENCE.

July, 1825.

At this period no monument, not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbour-

hood, had been erected, to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes—and he has been buried more than twelve months.

So should it be—let o'er this grave
No monumental banners wave;
Let no word speak, no trophy tell
Aught that may break the charming spell,
By which, as on this sacred ground
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.
A still resistless influence,
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense;
While every whisper seems to breathe
Of th' mighty dead who rests beneath.
And though the master hand is cold,
And though the lyre it once controll'd
Rests mute in death; yet from the gloom
Which dwells about this holy tomb,
Silence breathes out more eloquent
Than epitaph, or monument.
One laurel wreath—the poet's crown—
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown:
One tear, that so much worth could die,
Fills, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye.
This the simple offering
(Poor, but earnest) which I bring.—
The tear has dried—the wreath shall fade,
The hand that twin'd it soon be laid
In cold obstruction; but the fame
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim
From most remote posterity,
While Britain lives, can never die.—J. B.

Nottingham Review, July 26th, 1825.

Lord Byron's Monument.

An elegent Grecian tablet of white marble, executed by Messrs. Walker, of this town, has been placed, during the present week, in the chancel of the Hucknall church. We subjoin a copy of the inscription. The words are in Roman capitals, and divided into lines as under:—

IN THE VAULT BENEATH,
WHERE MANY OF HIS ANCESTORS AND HIS MOTHER ARE BURIED,
LIE THE REMAINS OF
GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON OF ROCHDALE,
IN THE COUNTY OF LANCASTER;
THE AUTHOR OF "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE."
HE WAS BORN IN LONDON, ON THE
22ND OF JANUARY, 1788.
HE DIED AT MISSOLONGHI, IN WESTERN GREECE, ON THE
19TH OF APRIL, 1824,
ENGAGED IN THE GLORIOUS ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THAT
COUNTRY TO HER ANCIENT FREEDOM AND RENOWN.
HIS SISTER, THE HONOURABLE
AUGUSTA MARIA LEIGH,
PLACED THIS TABLET TO HIS MEMORY.

Nottingham Journal, August 28th, 1825.

Lord Byron.

The first volume of a work under the above title, written by Madame Louise Swanton Belloc, has just appeared at Paris. The object of it appears to be to make the French public better acquainted with the history, character, and works of the noble author. The writer professes to have had access to good sources of information. She states, "that an intimate friend of the poet furnished her with details respecting his early years, his habits, and his marriage; that by a singular accident she became possessed of two poetical pieces of Lady Byron, which have never appeared either in England or France; that an Austrian colonel in the Greek service gave her some important information; that she had received notices from Italy; that she had some unpublished pieces; in short, that the object of her work being known to do homage to the character and genius of Lord Byron, had been productive of so much kindness and attention from various persons who had known him, that she was obliged to change her plan; and in place of a short article for a periodical work (which was all she at first intended) to make two volumes."

The following are the verses of Lady Byron, which are thus introduced by Madame Belloc—"The most singular accident threw these papers into my hands. As they have never appeared in England, I hesitated at first about publishing them here; but I determined on doing so, by the reflection that they throw light on one of the most important circumstances of Lord Byron's life, and that there is nothing in them that can offend anyone; for Lady Byron could not be an impartial judge of her husband's faults, and if it be true that she had sincerely loved him, and that they had been separated by the malevolence of a third party, she had suffered too much not to be unjust. As to her regrets, I think the expression of them cannot be otherwise than honourable to her."

TO ADA.

Thine is the smile, and thine the bloom,
Where hope might fancy ripen'd charms;
But mine is dyed in memory's gloom,
Thou art not in a father's arms!

And there I could have lov'd thee most,
And there have owned thou wert so dear,
That though my worldly all were lost,
I still had *felt* my life was *here!*

What art thou now?—A monument,
Which rose to weep o'er buried love:
A fond and filial mourner, sent
To dream of ties restor'd above!

Thou, dove! who may'st not find a rest,
Save in this frail and shatter'd bark;
A lonely mother's offer'd breast,—
May Heaven provide a surer ark,

To bear thee over sorrow's waves,
Which deluge still this world below,
'Till thou, through Him alone that saves,
A holier Ararat shalt know.

Nor think me frozen, if for thee
No *earthly* wish now claims a part;
Too dear such wish; too vain in me;
Thou art not in a father's heart!

A. J. Byron, *December 10th*, 1816.

TO A FRIEND—(Miss D***).

Oh! pardon the heart which again would repose
On the friendship it dreaded to need or to feel;
When nearest it found the most ruthless of foes,
And its wounds from the hand it had died but to heal.

The destroyer was there, and the root was consuming,
The sunbeams or dews touched the branches in vain;
And thus for thy love was no gratitude beaming—
And thus for thy tears all my answer was pain.

On the stream of the valley, if poison'd it rise,
The sweet flower may fall, but no sweetness prevails;
So the virtue of sympathy dwindles; but dies
When the home-source of feeling in bitterness fails.

But all I rejected has pass'd not away;
The calmness assumed, and the sorrow repress'd,
(When e'en thy affection would seem to decay),
That it might not reproach, whilst it soothed me to rest.

All these, unforgotten, are ever reviving,
To soften each trace and each record of grief;
Tho' when present, alas! they were hopelessly striving
With evils that banish'd the dream of relief.

Oh! think not forgiveness the sole vital spark,
In a heart where are treasured the ashes of love;
Nor deem all the visions of memory dark;
There are those I might cherish in regions above!

Thou friend of the hour which was thankless and cold,
If I feel for thee now what I then should have felt,
Oh! turn not away from the thoughts I unfold,
And withdraw not the smile which has taught them to melt!

A. J. Byron.

Madame Belloc's work has the merit of introducing the following *piquant* sketch of Lord Byron's character, from the pen of M. Beyle (better known under the fictitious name of Count Stendhal), a letter to whom from his lordship, on the character of Sir Walter Scott, has been printed by Captain Medwin at the end of his "Conversations:"—

"I should be happy, madame, to be able to give you some information for the work you are preparing on Lord Byron. It is true that I spent several months in the company of that great poet; but really it is not an easy thing to speak of him. I never saw Lord Byron at any of those decisive moments which fully display the character: what I know of that extraordinary

man is nothing more than the recollection of what I felt in his presence. How can I give you an account of my recollections, without speaking of myself? and how can I venture to speak of myself, after naming Lord Byron?

"It was during the autumn of 1816 that I met him at the theatre of La Scala, at Milan, in the box of Signor Luigi de Breme. I was particularly struck with Lord Byron's eyes, at the moment he was listening to a sestetto in Mayer's opera of *Elena*. Never in my life had I ever seen anything finer or more expressive. Even at this distance of time, whenever I think of the expression which a great painter should give to genius, that sublime head all at once appears before me. I felt at the moment a fit of enthusiasm, and laying aside the just repugnance which every man rather proud should feel in getting himself presented to an English nobleman, I requested Signor de Breme to introduce me to his lordship. Next day I dined with him at the same gentleman's house, along with the celebrated Monti. We talked about poetry, and the question was asked, which were the twelve most beautiful verses composed during the last century in French, Italian, or English. All the Italians present agreed in praising the twelve first verses of Monti's poem *Mascheroniana* as the finest which their language had produced for a century. During the time that Monti was good enough to recite them to us, I looked at Lord Byron—he was in raptures. That shade of hauteur, or rather *the air of a man who feels himself in the situation of repelling an intrusion*, which somewhat disfigured his fine countenance, all at once disappeared, and was replaced by a look expressive of happiness. The first canto of the *Mascheroniana*,* of which Monti recited nearly the whole, in obedience to the acclamations of the auditors, produced the strongest impression on the author of *Childe Harold*. I shall never forget the divine expression of his features; it was the serene air of power and of genius, and, according to my feeling, Lord Byron had not that moment any affectation to reproach himself with.

"We made a comparison of Alfieri and Schiller's systems of tragedy. The English poet maintained that it was extremely absurd that in Alfieri's *Philip II.* Don Carlos should, without any difficulty, and in the very first scene, be found *tete à tete*

* A poem of Monti, on Bonaparte, composed on occasion of the death of the celebrated geometer, Lorenzo Mascheroni.

with the wife of the jealous Philip. Monti, who has been so happy in the *practice* of poetry, advanced such extraordinary positions on the theory of the art, that Lord Byron, turning to his neighbour, said to him, speaking of Monti, '*He knows not how he is a poet.*'

From that day, I passed every evening with Lord Byron. When he was elevated, and talked with enthusiasm, his sentiments were noble, great, generous—in a word, on a par with his genius. But in the *prose* moments of his life, the sentiments of the poet also appeared to me very ordinary. He had a great deal about him of little vanity—a constant and boyish dread of appearing ridiculous, and, if I may venture to say it, of that hypocrisy which the English call *cant*. He seemed to me always ready to make a compromise with any prejudice, if it procured him its applause.

"There was one point about him which particularly struck the Italians, and that was, that it was evident this great poet was much prouder of his descent from the Byrons of Normandy, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, than of being the author of *Parisina* and of *Lara*. I was lucky enough to raise his curiosity by the personal details I gave him about Napoleon and the retreat from Moscow, which, in 1806, were not yet in everybody's mouth. That sort of merit procured me several walks with him, *tete-à-tete*, in the immense and solitary green-room of La Scala. The great man made his appearance for half an hour every evening, and then it was the finest conversation I ever met with in my life; a volcano of novel and generous sentiments, so mingled together that I fancied that I had never before felt them. During the remaining part of the evening he was so thoroughly the *Englishman* and the *noble lord* that I could never make up my mind to accept his invitations to dine with him, which he repeated from time to time. He was then composing *Childe Harold;* every morning he wrote a hundred verses, which, in the evening, he reduced to twenty or thirty. Between these periods of labour he had need of relaxation, and he found the necessary amusement in talking after dinner, with his elbows on the table, in the most easy and familiar manner possible.

"I remarked that in his moments of inspiration, Lord Byron admired Napoleon, as Napoleon himself admired Corneille—in his ordinary moments, when Lord Byron felt himself *un grand seigneur*, he endeavoured to throw ridicule on the Exile

of St. Helena. There is no doubt that he felt great envy of the brilliant part of Napoleon's character; his sublime expressions vexed him; we put him quite out of humour by repeating the famous proclamation to the army in Egypt, '*Soldiers, remember that from the summits of these pyramids forty centuries are looking down upon you.*' Lord Byron would have been more reconciled to Napoleon if he had had a little of the tame appearance of Washington. What is amusing enough is, that it was not at all the odious and despotic part of Napoleon's character which displeased the English peer.

"One evening, when Lord Byron did me the honour of promenading with me in the green-room of La Scala, some person came and told him that the Austrian officer on guard at the theatre had arrested his secretary, Mr. Polidori, a physician, who attended him. Lord Byron's countenance instantly exhibited a striking resemblance to that of Napoleon, when he was in a rage. Seven or eight persons accompanied him to the *Corps de Garde;* there he was quite magnificent with compressed indignation and energy during a whole hour that the officer on guard was blustering with vulgar passion. On our return to the box of Signor de Breme, we began praising the aristocratic principles, which were generally great favourites with Lord Byron; he felt the irony—and quitted the box, *internally* in a rage, but *externally* displaying nothing but the most perfect politeness. Next day the secretary was obliged to quit Milan.

"Signor de Breme prevailed upon me shortly afterwards to accompany his lordship to the *Musco di Brera;* I admired the depth of feeling with which this great poet entered into the merits of painters the most opposite in their style; Raphael, Guercino, Luini, Titian, &c. *Hagar dismissed by Abraham,* by Guercino, quite electrified him; from that moment admiration kept us all silent; he *improvised* for a whole hour, much better, in my opinion, than ever did Madame de Stael.

"What struck me the most in this extraordinary man, particularly when he was abusing Napoleon, was, that according to my opinion, he had no real knowledge of mankind; his pride, his rank, his renown, had prevented him from treating with them on a footing of equality. His hauteur and distrust had always kept them at too great a distance to allow him to observe them properly; he was too much accustomed to undertake nothing but what he could carry by main force. As some com-

pensation, he displayed a multitude of delicate and just ideas when we happen to talk of women whom he knew, as he always had a desire to please and to deceive them. He spoke with pity of the women of England, of Geneva, and of Neufchatel, &c. What Lord Byron's genius wanted was to be put under the necessity of negociating and discussing with his equals. I am convinced, that if he had lived to return from Greece, his talents would have appeared, all at once, enlarged one-half. In his endeavours to reconcile Maurocordato and Colocolroni, he would have acquired some positive knowledge of the human heart; then, perhaps, Lord Byron might have elevated himself to the height of real tragedy. He would have had fewer fits of misanthropy; he would not have always thought that everyone about him was solely occupied with him, and occupied with a view to excite his envy, or to deceive him. The fund of misanthropy of this great man had been increased by English society. His friends remarked, that the more he lived with the Italians, the more happy and obliging he became. If we substitute *black-bile* for fits of childish anger, we shall find that Lord Byron's character had the most striking resemblance to that of Voltaire.

"But I must conclude, in order not to make a dissertation instead of a letter. You must excuse me, madam, for troubling you with these general observations. I could have wished rather to have given you facts; but an interval of seven or eight years has banished these from my memory, in which there now only remain the conclusions which I drew from them at the time. I shall be very happy if you are satisfied with this kind of moral portrait, and if you regard these hastily-written pages as a proof of the profound respect with which I have the honour to be, &c., &c. "H. Beyle."

Mr. Southey and Lord Byron.

to the editor of the courier.

Sir,—On two former occasions you have allowed me, through the channel of your journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induce me once more to request a similar favour.

Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of *Lord Byron's Conversations* have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself: that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic school, and showing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions. For that his lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt; Captain Medwin having, I daresay, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander, and malignity, which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most by this; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured, if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or extravagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspicious or imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down, and published, with no notice of circumstances to show how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has been attributed to the devil, is that of thus registering every idle word. There is an end of all confidence, or comfort, in social intercourse, if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his lordship himself had written and published; and it is on this account, only, that I deem them worthy of notice—the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many "More Last Words of Mr. Baxter," as the "reading public" may choose to pay for, they will draw forth no further reply from me.

Now then to the point. The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin, as Lord Byron's :—

"I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article* on 'Foliage,' which excited my choler so much. But who else could have

* A volume of poems by Mr. Leigh Hunt. The reader, who may be desirous of referring to the article, will find it in the 18th vol. of the *Quarterly Review*, p. 324.

been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? I say nothing of the critique itself on 'Foliage;' but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart—be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of—and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago; and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time."

The reviewal in question I did not write. Lord Byron might have known this if he had inquired of Mr. Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the reviewal itself, where the writer declares, in plain words, that he was a contemporary of Shelley's, at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that, in thus disclaiming that paper, any disapproval of it is intended. Papers in the *Quarterly Review* have been ascribed to me (those on *Keats' Poems*, for example), which I have heartily condemned, both for their spirit and manner. But, for the one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there anything either in the opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr. Shelley, because, having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness (a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception), would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner upon his conduct. In other respects the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed if I had written, or subscribed, as entirely assenting to, and approving, it.

It is not true that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which, purporting as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord Byron's statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant

falsehood. Mr. Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in *The Quarterly Review* upon his *Revolt of Islam;* not exactly, in Lord Byron's phrase, *taxing* me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not, but added, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I, nevertheless, assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

Now for the assertion that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley's opinions, when he resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement I shall immediately explain; premising only, that, as the opinion there implied, concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin, for his own special use.

Mr. Shelly having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him (as the tree is known by its fruits) whether he had found them conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected. This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone, partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also—not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated—but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at University College. The earlier facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips; the latter were of public notoriety. There the correspondence ended. On his part it had been conducted with the courtesy which was natural to him—on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron's misrepresentation has been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his *Alastor*, and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letter, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration

for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead† that would withhold me now from publishing them.

It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony, as his heart did, to the truth of my statements in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was there brought home, I do not think he would have dared to produce it. How much, or how little, of the truth was known to his lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa the insolent and calumnious misrepresentation conveyed in his lordship's words originated, is of little consequence.

The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with that unmanliness too, which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might have gone on without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his lordship, it was upon public, not upon private grounds. He is pleased, however, to suppose that he had "mortally offended" Mr. Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. "Certain it is," he says, "that I did not spare the Lakists in it, and he told me that he could not resist the temptation, and had shown it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and, as I could never keep a

† In the preface to his *Monody on Keats*, Shelley, as I have been informed, asserts, that I was the author of the criticism in the *Quarterly Review*, upon that young man's poems, and that his death was occasioned by it. There was a degree of meanness in this (especially considering the temper and tenour of our correspondence), which I was not then prepared to expect from Shelley, for that he *believed* me to be the author of that paper, I certainly do not believe. He was once, for a short time, my neighbour. I met him upon terms, not of friendship indeed, but, certainly, of mutual good will. I admired his talents; thought that he would outgrow his errors (perilous as they were), and trusted that, meantime, a kind and generous heart would resist the effects of fatal opinions which he had taken up in ignorance and boyhood. Herein I was mistaken. But when I ceased to regard him with hope, he became to me an object for sorrow and awful commiseration, not of any injurious or unkind feeling; and when I expressed myself with just severity concerning him, it was in direct communication to himself.

secret of my own (as you know), much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the lake poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle." No such epistle was ever shewn either to Mr. Wordsworth or to me; but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us, in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling, nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his lordship himself could I have been offended by it. Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of his scorn; and that the one would have *nihili-pili-fied* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature, that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain, as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanour against society, by sending forth a work, in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly; it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production, by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in a manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous and honourable opponent, leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired; one who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one, whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance, is that of administering justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his lordship, has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the

public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements as "Byron's Controversy with Southey." What there was dark and devillish in it belongs to his lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. "The Republican Trio," says Lord Byron, "when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons—to have lived in a state of nature like savages—and peopled some island of the blest with children in common, like ——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!" I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his lordship, as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to notice it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the object of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic confederacy, and we never published anything in common.

Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows; where obscurity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame: there remained this exposure of his private conversations, which has compelled his lordship's friends in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby demonstrate that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

Keswick, Dec. 8, 1824. ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Southey *versus* Lord Byron.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"A living Ass will always have a kick at a dead Lion."

Sir,—The public have sufficiently expressed their sentiments respecting the calumny upon Lord Byron, inserted in *The*

Courier by Mr. Southey. It has been everywhere received with mingled feelings of astonishment and disgust; with astonishment and disgust by those who know nothing of Mr. S.; but with disgust, without astonishment, by those who do know him. The charges which he has so valiantly brought forward against his lordship in his coffin may be reduced to two—one particular, the other general. The particular charge—that a seditious publisher has set up his lordship's head as a sign to his shop, as if his lordship, when in Italy, were responsible for what a vendor of pamphlets chose to do in England, without his knowledge or concurrence, and without a possibility on his part of preventing him, if he did know it. Now, this charge of Mr. Southey against a dead man, is too ridiculous to be refuted. Mr. Southey's general charge against his lordship is one sweeping accusation of inconsistency, falsehood, infidelity, blasphemy, impiety, and obscenity. In order that the public may judge what claims Mr. Southey, *par excellence*, has to volunteer these charges against any character, living or dead, the following plain questions are candidly submitted to public opinion:—

1. Was Mr. Southey, or was he not, during the French Revolution, a member of a republican revolutionary society? And did he, or did he not, at that time openly avow himself to be a republican and a revolutionist?

2. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, selected men and published express eulogies upon them for being republicans and regicides; and has he not denounced all republicans and all regicides, in other publications that are his, as monsters of infamy and as imps of the devil?

3. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, stigmatized the character of Mr. Barry O'Meara, for being expelled from the army (though it was only for fighting a duel, a thing very natural to a fighting man); and was he, or was he not, himself long before expelled from Baliol College, in Oxford, and if so, for what was he expelled; and when ministers sent Mr. Southey to Oxford for a LL.D., did Baliol, or did any other College in Oxford enrol him as a member of it?

4. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, though supported in Oxford by a public exhibition, ridiculed and abused, in one of his publications, his own university as the seat of ignorance and error, as the retainer of Roman Catholic rites, and the rejector of Roman Catholic faith; and did he not write that

wicked and blasphemous libel upon the king, church, and state, called *Wat Tyler?*

5. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, declared his disbelief of the leading doctrine of the Scriptures—namely, eternal punishment in a future state? Has he not even called it there damnable and impious; and has he not, in his other publications, represented it to be a divine truth, and necessary to justify God's moral government of the world?

6. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, ridiculed and abused the Church of England for reading as a first lesson in her service the first chapter of Ezekiel, though he knew at the time he published this low abuse that he was writing a falsehood, and that the Church of England never read at all in her service the first chapter of Ezekiel?

7. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, published a work without his name, in which he holds up the Roman Catholic church as the true church of Christ, the reformation in England as no reformation at all, but the destruction of her best institutions, both moral, civil, and religious, and in which he represents her reformers as a pack of rascals altogether? And has he not published another work since, with his name, in which he has extolled the Church of England, represented the Church of Rome as the whore of Babylon, the Reformation the light of the world, and the reformers the glory of it?

8. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, raked up and collected together (note upon note, and line upon line) the most salacious, prurient, and filthy witticisms upon the most awful and sacred subjects, upon the vessel of incarnation chosen for the redemption of mankind, upon the salutation of the angel, upon the formation of our holy Redeemer in the uterus, and upon the practicability of clergymen baptizing children in the vagina of their mother's wombs before they were brought into the world?

Let any scholar, Mr. Editor, read all the publications of Mr. Southey, both those which he has owned and those which he has not owned, and then ask himself this simple question—Whether for one line of inconsistency, falsehood, infidelity, republicanism, blasphemy, impiety, and obscenity, which Lord Byron has written, Mr. Southey has or has not written ten? Was it possible for the public to view without indignation a pensioned bookseller's hack, a writer, everything by turns, and

nothing long, a creeping, cringing cameleon of every hue and colour, a man of the lowest parentage and birth, stabbing, before he is cold in his grave, an accomplished nobleman, (whatever may have been his errors) of the highest inspiration of genius, and who devoted his talents, his ample fortune, his person, and his life, to the recovery of the long-lost liberties of Greece?

A Lover of Consistency.

The following anecdote of the late Lord Byron is given in *The New Literary Gazette*:—"Lord Byron was in the habit of dispensing much charity through the hands of an excellent man, Dr. ——, under strict injunctions of secrecy as to the donor. The doctor one day presented himself with a very sad countenance, and, in reply to consequent questions, he said it was caused by the circumstance of a young man having been just placed under his care, for whom his anxiety and commiseration were warmly excited. The young man, independent of extreme ill health, was then in a complete (and, to be feared, incurable) state of insanity—the effect of hopeless love. A reciprocally warm attachment had long existed between him and a girl, well worthy the devotion of a good manly heart. She was, moreover, really beautiful; but, unfortunately, though of equal rank with her beloved, she could bring a dowry with which it was too far for his most strenuous efforts, or even his hopes, to compete. Her father was inexorable, *malgré* the very high character of the suitor—and he went mad! Lord Byron lost no time in ascertaining the truth of the report; and, under a disguise, he obtained from the girl a confirmation of her lover's worth, and her modest but determined vow to wed no other; also a knowledge of the amount of her dowry. The doctor was then summoned to aid with his advice and opinion, the result of which was, that he engaged to restore the sufferer to reason and health, under the sovereign security his lordship gave for his happiness! The amount of the dowry was doubled! The young man. though long the object of trying solicitude, recovered, and they were married. Their benefactor, still unknown, dispensed, through his exemplary almoner, added gifts; their virtue, their affection, and their good luck, made all prosper under their care, and they are now not only the happiest, but the richest, of the village."—*Morning Chronicle, October 10th*, 1827.

Lord Byron.

TO THE EDITOR.

Fife, October 17, 1825.

Sir,—The enclosed is by Lord Byron, and has never been published. It was written by him many years ago in the scrap-book of a lady, now in this part of the country, and I got it from a friend who has a private printing-press. The first line of the fourth verse stood in the original,

"I often am met in political life,"

which my friend thought fit to alter to one of greater *local* interest, viz.—

"I often am met in the kingdom of Fife;"

but you will, of course, restore the original reading

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

A Constant Reader.

A RIDDLE.

I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age,
But in infancy ever am known;
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,
And tho' I'm distinguished in history's page,
I always am greatest, alone.

I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon,—
You may search all the sky—I'm not there;
In the morning and evening—tho' not in the noon—
You may plainly perceive me, for like a balloon,
I am midway suspended in air.

I am always in riches, and yet I am told
Wealth ne'er did my presence desire;
I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold,
And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,
Tho' I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in political life—
In my absence no kingdom can be;—
And they say there can neither be friendship nor strife,
No one can live single, no one take a wife,
Without interfering with me.

My brethren are many, and of my whole race,
Not one is more slender and tall;
And though not the eldest, I hold the first place,
And even in dishonour, despair, and disgrace,
I boldly appear 'mong them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness, and pain,
I am never in sorrow or gloom ;
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,
And I ne'er shall be found in the tomb!

Unpublished Verses of Lord Byron.

These verses were written by Lord Byron when the Countess G——— was at Ravenna, and he was travelling down the Po to join her.

TO THE PO.—June, 1819.

River, that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love: when she
Walks by thy brink and there perchance recalls
A faint and fleeting memory of me;—

What if thy deep and ample stream should be
A mirror of my heart; where she may read
The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed.

What do I say? "A mirror of my heart?"
Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and strong:
Such as my feelings were and are, thou art,
And such as thou art were my passions long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them; not for ever
Thou overflowest thy banks, and not for aye
Thy bosom overboils: congenial river,
Thy floods subside—and mine have sunk away;

But left long wrecks behind us, and again,
Borne on our old unchanged career we move:
Thou tendest wildly to the main,
And I to loving one I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath
Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
The twilight air, unchained from summer's heat.

She will look on thee: I have looked on thee,
Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
Thy waters could I tame—ne'er name or sea,
With the inseparable sigh for her.

Her bright eyes will be imaged on thy stream—
Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now;
But mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
That happy wave repass me in its flow.

The wave that bears my tear returns no more,
Will she return, by whom that tear shall sweep?
Both tread thy bank, both wander on thy shore,
I near the source, she by the dark blue deep.

But that which keepeth us apart, is not
Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
But the distractions of a various lot,—
Ah, various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves a lady of the land,
Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
Is all meridian, as if never fanned
By the black wind that chills the Polar flood.

My blood is all meridian: were it not
I had not left my clime: I should not be
In spite of torture ne'er to be forgot,
A slave again of love—at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle: let me perish young,
Live as I lived, love as I have loved:
To dust if I return from dust I sprung,
And then at least my heart cannot be moved.

Theatrical Managers.

by lord byron.

When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, and was one of the stage committee of management, the number of plays upon the shelves was about five hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be *some* of merit, in person and by proxy, I caused an investigation. I do not think that of those which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them. Maturin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott; to whom I had recourse, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself; and, secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young or old writer of promise. Maturin sent his *Bertram*, and a letter *without* his address; so that at first I could give him no answer. When I last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer, and something more substantial. His play succeeded, but at that time I was absent from England. I tried Coleridge, too, but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr. Sotheby

obligingly offered *all* his tragedies; and I pledged myself, and, notwithstanding many squabbles with my committed brethren, did get *Iran* accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepidness* on the part of Mr. Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir J. B. Burgess did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I handed them to the green-room and stage committee; but they would not do. Then the scenes I had to go through! The authors and the authoresses—the milliners and the wild Irishmen—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee, who came in upon me!—to all whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. Glover's father, an Irish dancing master, of sixty years, called upon me to request to play *Archer*, dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning, to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age; and had been still better). Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled *The Bandit of Bohemia*, or some such title or production; Mr. O'Higgins—then resident at Richmond—with an Irish tragedy, in which the Protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of savage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting on the probable consequences of such a cachination. As I am really a civil and polite person, and do hate giving pain when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird, who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative, and left them to settle with him; and as at the beginning of next year I went abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatre.

Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so; but I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and, excepting one debate with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's *pas de*—something (I forget the technicals), I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith, because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face; and likenesses go a great way with me, indeed. In general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand, without buffooning with the histrionians, and throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.

Then the committee, then the sub-committee, we were but few, and never agreed. There was Peter Moore, who contradicted Kinnaird; and Kinnaird, who contradicted everybody. There were two managers, Rae and Dibdin, and our secretary, Ward—and yet we were all very zealous, and in earnest to do good, and so forth. Hobhouse furnished us with prologues to our revived old English plays, but was not pleased with us for complimenting him as the "Upton" of our theatre (Mr. Upton is, or was, the poet who writes the songs for Astley's), and almost gave up prologuizing in consequence.—*Morning Chronicle, February 2nd*, 1824.

NOTE 1.—I remember hearing Sir Walter Scott, in a conversation with Lord Byron, in Albemarle Street, express his determination never to write for the stage, and allege in excuse, not only the probability that he might not succeed, but the unpleasant, yet necessary and inevitable subjection, in which he must, as a dramatist, be kept by "the good folks of the green-room;" "*Cæteraque* (he added) *haud subeunda ingenio meo*." Byron sprung up, and crossed the room with great vivacity, saying, "No, by G—, nor mine either." I cannot but think that he had been thinking of some dramatic attempt, and that Scott's answer had touched his pride. A. D.

NOTE 2.—When this happened, Byron and Scott were both authors of established fame, and extraordinary popularity. They had, therefore, overcome all the difficulties which men experience in the commencement of a literary career; they were no longer obliged to undergo the pain of negociating with unwilling, indifferent, cold, perhaps haughty, booksellers; nor were they—at all events they ought not to have been—any longer under the fear and dread of criticisms from unpropitious reviews, and such other ills as ink is heir to. Why, therefore, should Scott and Byron commence a new career, having of course its own new set of difficulties and annoyances to be met and overcome on the threshold? The question is a very different one in regard to an author who has not as yet succeeded in any department of letters.

The "good folks of the green room" must, moreover, be tried with first-rate authors—which they have not been in our time—ere we are entitled to talk of their airs, and the subjection in which they wish to keep those who write for them. And first-rate authors will never give them the chance of vindi-

cating their character as to this, until the law has been changed in regard to the author's profits in a successful dramatic effort. —These are, at present, by far too slender to tempt men like Scott and Byron, who have once tasted the liberality which the great booksellers of our time never fail to exhibit, when they are satisfied that the public backs their approbation of an author; and which, begging authors' pardon, they would be very foolish, if not presumptuous, to exhibit till this is the case.

Who will believe anything of Scott and Byron being afraid of a set of managers and players? Neither player nor manager has lived in our time, that durst have stood erect in the presence of either of these men, after they had attained the eminence on which they stood at the period of this conversation.

B. F.

Morning Chronicle, February 2nd, 1826.

THE following lines, addressed *extempore* by Lord Byron to his friend Mr. Moore, having found their way incorrectly into some of the papers, they are here given in their original state:—

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Tho' the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Tho' a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Wer't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink,

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be, "Peace to thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!"

Morning Chronicle, January 1st, 1821.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Sir,—The two stanzas which I now send you, were, by some mistake of the printer, omitted in the copies of Lord Byron's spirited and poetical ode to Napoleon Bonaparte, already published. One of the "devils" in Mr. Davison's employ procured a copy of them for me, and I give you the chance of first discovering them to the world.

Your obedient servant,

J. R.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO LORD BYRON'S ODE TO NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Not printed in Mr. Murray's edition.)

Yes! better to have stood the storm,
A monarch to the last!
Although that heartless, fireless form,
Had crumbled in the blast;
Than stoop to drag out life's last years,
By nights of terror, days of tears,
For all the splendour past:
Then,—after ages would have read
Thy awful death with more than dread.

A lion in the conquering hour!
In wild defeat, a hare!
Thy mind hath vanished with thy power,
For danger brought despair:
The dreams of sceptres now depart,
And leave thy desolated heart,
The capitol of care!
Dark Corsican! 'Tis strange to trace
Thy long deceit, and last disgrace.

April 28th, 1814.

Parliamentary Orators.

By Lord Byron.

I have never heard anyone who fulfilled my idea of an orator—Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard; Fox but once, and then he struck me as a debater, which, to me, seems as different from an orator as an improvisator, or a versifier, from a poet. Grey is great, but it is no oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Windham I did not admire, though all the world did; it seemed sad sophistry. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence—but strong, and English.

Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity; Lord Lansdowne good, but still a debater only. Grenville I like vastly — if he would prune his speeches down to an hour's delivery.

Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and I think the greatest favourite in Pandemonium—at least I always heard the country gentlemen and the ministerial devilry praise his speeches up stairs, and they ran down from Bellamy's when he was on his legs.

I heard Bishop Marsh make his second speech. It made no impression. I like Ward (now Viscount Dudley and Ward)—studied, but clear and sometimes eloquent. Peel, my school and form fellow (we sat within two of each other), strange to say, I have never heard, though I often wished to do so; but, from what I remember of him at Harrow, he is, or should be, amongst the best of them. Now, I do not admire Mr. Wilberforce's speaking. It is nothing but a flow of words—words, words alone. I doubt greatly if the English have any eloquence, properly so called, and am induced to think that the Irish had a great deal, and that the French will have, and have had, in Mirabeau. Lord Chatham and Burke are the nearest approaches to oratory in England. I don't know what Erskine may have been at the bar, but in the house, I wish him at the bar once more. Lauderdale is shrill, and Scotch, and acute. Of Brougham I shall say nothing, as I have a personal feeling of dislike to the man.

But, amongst all these good, bad, and indifferent, I never heard the speech which was not too long for the auditors, and not very intelligible, except here and there. The whole thing is a grand deception, and as tedious and as tiresome as may be to those who must be often present. I heard Sheridan only once, and that was briefly, but I liked his voice, his manner, and his wit—he is the only one of them I ever wished to hear at greater length. *Morning Chronicle, February 3rd*, 1826.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Thyself had'st said, that in the cloudy clime
Which gave thee birth, thou willing would'st not die;
The wish thus breath'd, in thy prophetic rhyme,
Has granted been by answ'ring destiny.

Greece saw thee die—Greece fully made thine own—
By all the ties thy genius could impose;
Greece claim'd thee living as her fav'rite son,
And dead, laments thee with a nation's woes.

Oh! well, *Childe Harolde* has his fame restored—
And well his waywârd pilgrimage has clos'd;
In arms for liberty, by Greece adored,
He died, to Moslem tyranny oppos'd.

Oh, had his sword but drank the oppressor's blood;
His dying voice but rais'd the victor's cry;
The pilgrim's glorious death would then have stood
A crowning, worthy of his poetry.

A HARROW SCHOOL-FELLOW
OF LORD BYRON.

Morning Chronicle, May 17, 1824.

SONNET TO LORD BYRON.

Byron! thy very soul is poetry,
And as I read thy burning lines, I feel
My heart within my throbbing bosom reel,
And fast tears bathe my cheeks and fill mine eye.

Byron! thine eye "in a fine phrenzy rolls,"
But 'tis a jaundic'd eye, and yellow seem
All objects to its joy-withering beam,
Yet has it magic power o'er kindred souls.

Byron! thou canst not die, while song shall live,
The flower must wither, and the sun must set,
But man must woman, woman man forget,
Nor can a feeling heart on earth survive,
E're man or woman, can refuse thy lays,
The sigh of heart-felt sympathy, the song of rapturous praise.

PHILO.

TO GREECE, ON THE DEATH OF BYRON.

Land, where the father-bard attuned the lyre
For Gods and heroes, where fair Sappho sung
Immortal love, and like the bird of morn,
Bright Pindar soar'd on inspiration's wing!
Land of the martyrs, whose eternal names
The consecrated page of virtue bears
When columns moulder; weep not him who gave
His glowing genius to thy holy cause,
Who left the myrtle shades and orange bowers,
And soft retirement on Ausonia's shore,
For the steep mountain and the castled rock,
Where, like an eagle in the stormy clouds,
Young Freedom's banner floated, and the cry
Of vengeance, like the thunder, peal'd around.

Weep not for Byron, he hath won his fame ;
Weep not his glory, but avenge his loss ;
Pour on the foe the spirit he hath breathed,
So shall the plain of Marathon again
Be ripe with glory's vintage ; so the waves
Of Salamis be redden'd with the blush
Of the descending Crescent, and the rocks,
Thy rocks, Thermopylæ ! of awful fame,
Again be brightened by the lightning's flash,
Blasting the savage from the hero's soil.

He died to win thee from the cold embrace
Of desolation—from the Tyrant's grasp,
The slave's base scorn, and pity of the free,
And when just waking from thy trance of mind
Did not his lyre enchant thee? Sweet and wild
And full of grandeur, like prophetic strains,
His voice inspired thee with immortal hopes,
Like the strange music of the Orphean song
That check'd decay, and call'd the spirit back,
And flush'd the face of death with living fires.

His was not syren-like the strain that flung
O'er rosy bowers and vintage-cover'd hills
Effeminate enchantment, such as made
The vassal youth, in base and shameless joys
Forget the virtues of their race—forget the sires
Of arts and glory in their ancient land
When liberty enclos'd it—No ! his Muse
Held not the cup of Circe to the lips,
Sparkling with witchcraft that enslav'd the soul.
The hand that swept the chords, was fit to wield
The sword, Aleæus, thy own warrior-bard,
Twin'd with the laurel from the Delphic tree.

Around him gather'd not the votaries
Of dance, and lute, and wanton revelry,
Wreathing their flowry crowns, and strewing o'er
The couch of pleasure with the myrtle bough ;
But chiefs, in iron-clad, and martial youth,
Strong in the pride that turns the tyrant pale—
Forming the Spartan rampart of the land,
'Gainst hosts, that roll'd, like the dark ocean, on,
And broke in foam and feebleness away !

To these he spoke the words of fire, that flew
Electric through the land !—now mute that voice,
And tuneless the wild chords of melody—
No living hand can waken !—Let his dirge
Be heard upon the stormy breath of war !—
His requiem not the sighs of drooping slaves,
But holy hymns of freedom ;—and the flowers,
That deck his urn, be of the immortal growth
Of Fame's bright chaplet—never known to spring
From out the bosom of a land in chains !

T.

March 2nd, 1824.

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON,

ON THE RECENT CALUMNIES OCCASIONED BY HIS STANZAS IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Let servile scribblers, who maintain
The father had no fault to weep—
Let such calumniate thy strain,
And on thee fierce invectives heap.

The tear which falls from virtue's eye,
Could never boast a charm for them;
No frailty could their sight espy,
In one who wore a diadem.

But, though unmark'd by courtier's gaze,
The sire's offence, the realm's decline;
Though such can lend no voice of praise
To virtue's tears, or verse of thine;

Yet these shall charm a future age,
When they who shar'd that sire's disgrace,
Shall live in history's faithful page,
The vilest of a servile race. B. B.

February 8th, 1814.

TO LORD BYRON.

ON READING SOME UNSUSPECTED PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE WROUGHT INTO HIS POETRY. BY THOMAS MULOCK, ESQ.

Bard of the broken heart! whose sovereign skill
Has swept the chords that waken inmost woe;
Thou tuneful tracer of the streams that flow,
In fitful tides from nature's fount of ill.
Making life leprous! then such plagues distil!
Thou who hast known, what all would madly know,
Pleasure's fierce throb, and fame's exulting glow,
The cheating joys which through our being thrill—
Till God retrieve us! say if light divine
Dawns on thy soul, and brightens to thy view,
That holy page where endlessly shall shine
The Godhead's glory? if a ray of true
Intelligence shall win thee to the mine
Of gospel treasure, all that man e'er knew
Of bliss and wisdom, Byron, will be thine!

THESE are the facts—the bones—which, touched by the magic wand of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, rise up, become clothed, and present the hideous monster her work presents, but in no one lineament of which can a feature of our great poet be traced. These facts, however, stand forward to contradict in most instances the assertions of Mrs. Stowe, but in no one instance do they disclose, infer, or bear any reference to the one infamous and disgusting charge of this lady writer. Newspaper editors are not generally so sensitive of another's character; literary men are their fair game, and though they might in his lifetime have dreaded the lash of his powerful satire, yet after his death they might and would have spoken out; they might have feared to have touched the lion when alive, but they would not have shrunk from pulling his beard, or treading on his carcase, when dead. But did they so? On the contrary, the voice of eulogy spoke out boldly, his frailties were forgotten; they allowed the poet, as it were, to rise purified from his grave. There were, no doubt, some Mrs. Stowes in that day, but the honour of the *dread secret* was to be the acquisition of a transatlantic lady. The whole reminds one of the tales associated with the "Iron Mask." If, in reading history, a character be missed, or some prominent man of that period be spirited away, he is at once ensconsed in the "Iron Mask," and to that person the mystery is solved, the inmate of the mask is revealed. So in this *Byron Mystery*, one person ascribes the separation to this, and another to that, until an American lady, with feminine delicacy, professes to penetrate the mystery, and embodies the mask with one of the filthiest ideas that the mind can conceive. Therefore, without some more certain proof of his crime than the conjuror of "Legree" has given us, we must class this with her other fanciful conceptions, and believe it is all to create a great sensation. The literary world of old England is not, however, willing to concede to her opinions, and the several papers in the *Times* and other papers do credit to his memory. Especially, are we indebted to Lord Lindsay, who hands a most interesting letter of Lady Anne Barnard's, which, of itself, is enough to confute the vile presumption, for surely, when still suffering from the smart of the separation, and narrating her sufferings to her bosom friend, a crime so foul would have been inferred in a word or a whisper, as some condonement of her proceedings. But such was not the case. We are, therefore, led to believe that the imaginative

American lady, when domesticated in the families of our aristocracy, availed herself of that undue influence to draw aside the curtain of the widow's life, and colouring all she heard with the tinge her own preconceived opinions had laid down as the cause, she heard but to confirm, and saw only, in all that was narrated, an assurance of a cause which would have made the poet's lady recoil with horror and disgust. Battening in this one thought, she conserved it in her imagination, only awaiting the moment when she could disgorge it most advantageously and profitably—she bided her time, and has found it. But Byron's name, fame, and family, will emerge from this poisonous mirage and shine on the same as ever. God forgive the writer her wickedness! but after such disclosures, let her bear in mind that if she can walk unblushingly through the streets of her native land, she will not be able to pass unscorned through the cities of the old empire, or ever again be admitted into the privacies of British homes.

Printed by JOHN B. DAY, "Savoy Steam Press," Savoy Street, Strand.

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